WEEK ENDING SEPT. 6 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

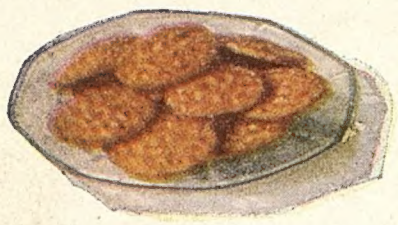
BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL

A LITTLE BIT OF BROADWAY

By RICHARD CONNELL

A Breakfast of Smiles

fairy grains with the lure of a confection



Puffed Wheat Macaroons

2 cups Puffed Grains, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup melted butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon baking powder.

Beat egg thoroughly. Add sugar. Add melted butter; beat until light. Stir in flour with which baking powder has been sifted. Then add flavor and Puffed Grains and drop in a well-greased and floured pan 3 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven (300 degrees) for 10 or 15 minutes and lift while warm with broad knife.

Southern Pralines

2½ cups powdered sugar, 1 cup maple syrup, ½ cup cream, 1 cup pecans, 1 cup Puffed Wheat.

Boil the first three ingredients until soft ball is formed in cold water. Remove from fire and beat to creamy consistency. Add nuts and Puffed Wheat and drop from spoon in small piles on buttered paper.

HERE is the gayest and brightest, the most enticing of all breakfast dishes. Crisp, toasty kernels of wheat, steam exploded 8 times their natural size, with every food cell broken to make digestion easy.

The flavor is like nut-meats. Airy puffs that tempt the morning appetite. Yet with the energy value of whole *grains*, to supply the vital food elements you need to carry on the day.

Serve with milk and cream at breakfast; in bowls of half and half at luncheon. Then as a special allurement, with cooked or fresh fruit.

Serve too as a night-time dish. Try as a garnishment with ice cream. Mix with melted butter as a tid-bit between meals. Serve every day in every way you can, this the daintiest of grain foods.

Today, order Quaker Puffed Wheat of your grocer. It will prove a new delight.

Puffed Rice, too

Quaker Puffed Rice is another cereal delight—grains of rice exploded like the Puffed Wheat. Most folks get a package each of the Puffed Rice and the Puffed Wheat. And thus supply variety.

Professor Anderson's Invention

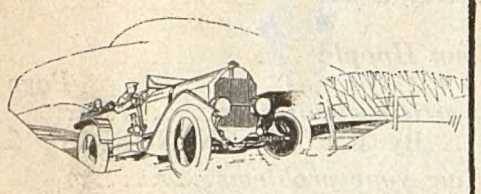
Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famous invention of Professor Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. Food shot from guns, grain foods thoroughly cooked.

Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

How to take your daily life "on high"

Do you know the power of this amazing food? —the secret of its action?



Clearer skin · Easier digestion · Regular elimination

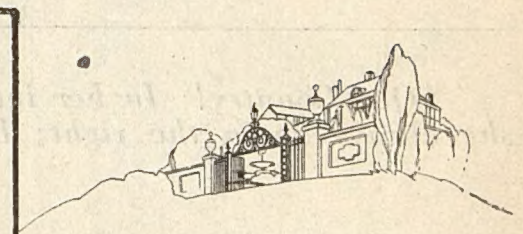
THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (*just hot enough to drink*)—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. G-9, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"A martyr to indigestion and constipation, I was as thin as a rake with a complexion like mud. I had tried many different kinds of tonics and laxatives without permanent relief. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In about four months my constipation and indigestion had disappeared. I am now in perfect health and look it. My complexion is clear and the envy of all who know me. I have more vigor and look many years younger than I did."

(*A letter from Mrs. P. F. Robin, Mobile, Ala.*)

"I was only 24 years old, my health, my good looks, and the old time dynamic energy, which I had believed so permanently mine, were gone. A man of wisdom is my physician, but I thought him indeed crazy when he prescribed three yeast cakes a day. But at the end of a month I was surprised to find that the world looked much better to my tired eyes. For two months more I took the Yeast and now I am well and happy, the old-time buoyancy and energy are mine again."

(*A letter from Miss Elva Tanner, Clover, Utah*)

"When I was constipated, I was always gloomy, melancholy, and unhappy. I got so I did not believe in any remedy at all. But I found on taking Fleischmann's Yeast that I did not have to have faith in it. It is one thing that will do its work whether one has faith in it or not. At the end of about three months I was as well as any man could possibly be. My constipation was gone, all my old headaches, listlessness and gloom left me. It does seem strange that these little yeast cakes can do this thing, but as sure as the sun shines, they can."

(*A letter from Mr. T. C. Hinkle of Baldwin, Kansas*)

"Youthful freshness made way for lackadaisical indifference—headaches and constipation were my constant companions. Splotches appeared upon my face, and with seven large carbuncles, in a short time my neck and back resembled a shell-torn battle-front. When Fleischmann's Yeast was proposed I readily accepted it as a possible means of escape. The effect was miraculous. The invaders withdrew, and in ten days the last of the carbuncles was healing, and very soon my health was restored."

(*Miss Lydia M. de Fuentes, Waukegan, Ill.*)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*

"One day the chef at the country club suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I was haggard, anaemic, and had lost all interest in life. I smiled, reminding him of my previous experiences with 'tonics.' He began serving me with what he called a special cheese sandwich daily. A month elapsed, and everyone marvelled at my complete transformation. One day I saw the chef spreading Fleischmann's Yeast on sandwiches and realized that I had been the butt of what he thought was a good joke."

(*Mr. Herbert J. Hoffman of Philadelphia, Pa.*)

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

A NATIONAL FIRE DRILL.

In schools they have what is called fire drill. On passenger ships at sea they have fire drill. Anyone of normal intelligence knows why. In schools it is to accustom the children to act quietly in case of fire and to know how to leave the endangered room or building in an orderly way. On ships it is to practice the crew so they will go promptly to their proper stations and do what has been planned to fight the fire and provide for the safety of the ship and of those on board. It is also to test the fire fighting implements and the mechanism which has to do with the lifeboats and rafts.

The Mobilization Test set for September 12 is a fire drill, the fire drill of a nation. Well meaning people have objected to it for fear it might glorify war. It is no more likely to glorify war than a fire drill on shipboard or in school glorifies fire or shipwreck.

We of this generation learned in 1917 that it is no easy matter to create and provide for a modern army suddenly drawn from civilian life. We learned how billions of dollars are wasted through haste. We learned also that lack of proper provision and lack of training result in heavy loss of life that is not necessary and great suffering which is not necessary.

These costly lessons resulted in 1920 in the passage of the National Defense Act, approved by President Wilson. This act provides for a national citizen army, to consist of a small regular or professional force, the National Guard and a citizen officers' reserve, organized in localities and military units in conformity with the general plan for a unified force of citizen soldiery. Upon the passage of this law it became the duty of the War Department to provide the necessary rules and regulations for its actual operation, so that men should know where to report and what to do in case of summons, and so that the complicated mechanism of assembling, organizing, transporting, clothing, feeding, and caring for large masses of men should be carried out in an orderly and expeditious manner.

To see how these plans work and to give those who are responsible for their working some practice in their duties is the main object of the test of September 12.

In addition the War Department thought the occasion might be given the general interest it ought to have by public exercises under the auspices of civic and patriotic organizations. Those pacifistic Americans who think patriotism is reactionary have opposed this. But Americans who are proud of their country and wish it to have a self-respecting strength are not afraid to honor the soldier or to celebrate the duty of the citizen to defend his country.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

George Ade Writes on Pollyanna

and that amiable young woman's nefarious influence in a typical American home. The title of Mr. Ade's contribution to the next issue of Liberty is *Too Much Sunshine, or Why Not Consult Mrs. Dinwiddie?* And it begins like this: "Mr. Faribone returned to his house in Myrtle Street, where he laid aside his working clothes and put on his fighting clothes." Better not miss that one—

GEORGE ADE

Nor this one, either: Peggy Joyce and Gloria Swanson, two of the best dressed women in America, explain the little tricks that make a five dollar hat look like fifty dollars' worth in *It's How You Wear 'Em*, an interview by Brenda Ueland, which introduces you to these celebrities in a highly interesting and informal way.

Perhaps you've asked yourself, when you've read of important court cases in the papers, how you'd behave if you were ever required to face the barrage of a skillful cross-examiner.

Samuel Untermyer, one of the country's greatest barristers, analyzes this perplexing situation and counsels you on how to meet it in an article by Samuel McCoy, entitled *The Right Way to Face a Cross-Examination.* You'll find that, too, in Liberty's next issue.

See you again next week—if you watch the news stands!

September 6, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 18

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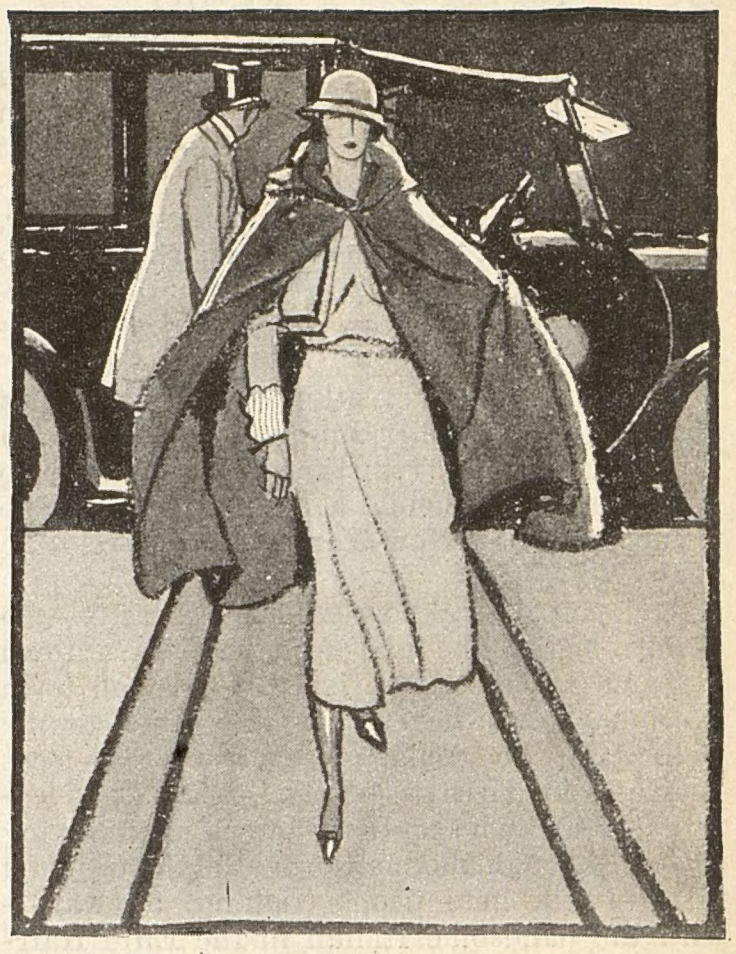
The COUNTRY MOUSE and the CITY MOUSE



Does the Little Girl of Main Street Have as Good a Chance as the City Girl at Romance, Adventure, and Glittering Success? YES, Says This Famous Author.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Distinguished American Novelist and Essayist

Pictures by EDWARD A. WILSON

BORN and brought up not far from Main Street, personally knowing Miss Smith of the post office and Miss Jones of the library, and the clerks in the drug store and market, the old ladies of the church society and the boys of the high school, does a little American country girl have as good a chance to marry as a city girl does?

Every little while some girl writes to ask me the question seriously. Not that she is out husband-hunting, exactly. But she is human, she is young, and she is haunted—as we all are in youth, and sometimes long after it—with an uncomfortable fear that she is "missing something."

To such girls the daily routine of small town life is nothing less than maddening. Lovely, too, of course—with sunshine in her room when she awakens, Ma so sweet and interested at breakfast, Pa dropping her at school and going on with his car, and then six hours of the stupid little tumbleheads in the primary grade—the little Italian boy who has to be sent out to wash his hands, the little Swedish girl who weeps in silent shyness, the little Irish lad who is eternally leaping to his feet to protest. Lovely—but maddening!

Her work is monotonous, but not hard. And then she is walking home in the sweet May afternoon, to get into a crêpe wrapper and, perhaps, wash her hair, to munch an apple over a magazine or change her dress and walk over to Ethel's. And Ma—the angel!—has muffins and stuffed tomatoes for supper, and the girls and boys will be around later.

LOVELY. But is this life? The girl asks herself, impatiently. These small town boys are so dull! Tom White, who is going to be a dentist. Billy Jones, supporting his mother and selling real estate. The Robinson boys, from the lumber yard, and Joe Williams, who has been East to college and thinks everything in the home town "jay." How uninteresting they all are! Surely—surely, in the cities life moves with a quicker pace than this?

The girl studies an occasional big city newspaper supplement with brooding eyes. Here are the usual pictures! Miss Emily Brown—whose play will be produced at the Strand. Miss Mary Wilkins—who is shortly to marry John Brown, the well known artist. A group of merrymakers at the Sans-Souci Artists' Ball. A corner of the studio of Miss Robinson, who has just won a ten thousand dollar prize.

O, how they are living and working and glorying in existence, these lucky others! She lays down the sheet to answer the telephone.

"Ma——!" she calls, "Aunt Sarah says that if we drive up the Cemetery Road this afternoon, please to bring her acorn mold. Says to tell Pa she has an ice box cake ready for him!"

And she puts down the receiver and buries her curly bobbed head in her hands, and her despairing soul shrieks within her:

"Is this Life?"

Where, out of this environment of sundæs at the candy store, and books from the library, and socials at the town hall, is she going to get what she hungers for—no, not mere luxury—she isn't a baby; not mere wealth—she wouldn't marry some men if they had fifty million; not notoriety, not even fame, perhaps—she doesn't want to be the woman whose husband shot himself in a restaurant, or the other woman who went over Niagara in a barrel!

She just wants to *live*. To live, to breathe, to mean something to herself and her generation, not always to feel that she is "missing something."

YOUR home town doesn't satisfy you, of course. There is a sort of devouring fever in your blood demanding more than it can give you just now, when you are eighteen, or twenty-two, or twenty-five. And because it doesn't give it, and because the men you know so intimately don't thrill you with any particular admiration, you suppose—naturally enough—that some other environment and some other group of men would.

But that isn't true. The trouble is youth and the divine restlessness and impatience of youth. It is just something given you naturally, like thin ankles or curly hair—something you get legitimately and directly from those ancestors of yours, who weren't satisfied with home conditions, either, and who shipped in the Mayflower or started westward in the big covered wagons.

Note this: that all the girls in your town

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

don't feel that way. The pretty, plump Richards girl marries the thin, red-headed Roberts boy, and they buy a brand new eight room house, colonial style, out in the Hampton Court Manor Development, and presently have a darling baby, and a radio, and a vacuum cleaner, and a new car, and they are on the road to becoming the finest type of American citizens — contented, prosperous, good, the parents of children, the bulwark of the State.

As for the rich Watkins girl, who rides about in an English riding habit and has rich girls visiting her from time to time, and who is suspected of being a snob, she says she wouldn't live in New York if you gave it to her!

And you don't know which — secretly — to despise most—the girl who marries a town boy and is perfectly satisfied with small town life because she never knew any other, or the rich girl who could go everywhere — meet people — do things — travel — have adventures! — and who contents herself with buying clothes through the mail order catalogues, and flirts — well, gets people talking, anyway — with the handsome Italian in the Elite Hairdressing Salon.

Stupid — stupid — stupid! frets the small town girl. But what is hard for her to see is that she is just a little stupid, too. Stupid in not realizing that life, real life, the life of thrilling self-expression and bewildering, satisfying experiences, is a thing of the spirit, and never of the body. Stupid in not seeing that just as her own dreams are of a world different from the quiet world of the plump Richards girl and the rich Watkins girl, so her own life will be different. It's the dream that matters.

GIRLS don't find the right husbands just by plunging into a strange world where there happen to be strange men. The men and girls of a big city are just as stupid and just as limited and just as accessible as those of a small town. Small town youngsters flock to the big cities, and the easy plaudits of mediocrity are showered on them for a few exciting days or weeks, and there is the picture in the paper and the little adoring circle because of the chance hit of a story, or a form, or a bit of stage setting, or a costume at the "fancy dress ball"—and then what? They can't go forward, because there is nothing real, nothing human and deep — and, yes, old-fashionedly "good" — in them to develop. And they can't go back—O, they just can't go back!—to have every one in Red Bridge know that they have failed!

And so they drift about in the big cities, talking a great deal, underfed, shabby, worried, penniless, eager for sensation—just now and then sensible enough to hunt about and find—at last—a job like the job they scorned at home, and to waken in a small, odorous hall bedroom on a dark second floor on Sunday mornings remembering maple shadows on the bedroom walls at home, and Ma, downstairs, in her clean blue percale, veiled in a homely barrage of pancake smoke.

And, after years of this, perhaps success comes. But—and this is the secret, you country girls and boys—nine-tenths of the really successful people of any big city are small town folk.

They tried it out at home, they succeeded at home—first. The sketches, the poems, the stories, the photographs, the patent romper or the patent milk bottle, were successful first right in Red Bridge. And perhaps oftener than nine times out of ten the successful husband is a Red Bridge product, too.

He is that lanky Wilson boy; he is that rather silent, funny Billings kid; he is the fellow we girls used to call "Shorty" who was always prowling about in the library, don't you remember? Mary Brown married him on eighty dollars a month — poor Mary! — and presently they had a baby. They said Mary's father was wild. But it seems that he patented something — or discovered something — or wrote that story everyone is talking about—well, anyway, they're coming back for a visit, and the club is giving them a reception and everything!

OR sometimes it works this way: Once there was a marriage between a poor man and a poor girl. They were small-town, too, and both were restless and both were ambitious. The man had a job in a bank, and the girl in a library. His income was twelve hundred a year. They discussed their circle, and they were dissatisfied. They wanted more than church social suppers and "kitchen showers," and they did not know exactly how to get it.

Finally the man said:

"Of course, my bank has a branch in the Big City. I suppose they would move me. But — could we have much fun on twelve hundred a year? Here we would pay ten dollars rent for a new cottage; there, perhaps, thirty-five for two rooms. You'd have to manage pretty closely, and I don't see many of those Greenwich Village parties ahead of us! We'd not have any friends to start with."

The girl thought it over. Finally she said: "I think I'd like it. I mightn't get what I wanted there, but I know I'm not getting it here! I'll manage my household on seven dollars a week, and, if necessary, I'll have my babies in the big, clean ward of a city hospital. Life has got something for us — there. I know it means utter sacrifice, utter isolation and obscurity — for a while. But as for friends, perhaps it's a good idea for a poor young couple to start their new life away from too many friends. We'll work hard, we'll keep out of debt, and, if we fail, we'll come back!"

And so they went to the city and lived exactly the humble, busy, unromantic life they would have lived in Red Bridge, only with fewer pleasures, less society, and less luxury.

And the Big City took them to its heart and made them rich and famous in the twinkling of an eye!

And back they went to Red Bridge, to buy the Porter home and make it a dream of colonial beauty, and have their children race down River Street to the dear old school, and have their mud-spattered car trail to the County Fair among all the other mud-spattered cars.

IF you want a good husband, make yourself fit to be a good man's wife. Never fear that he'll not find you or that you'll not find him. Learn to look through the quiet, blundering manner and see the man. Learn to look past the big red hands and see the big, gentle, clever heart. If he is really going to be the man of the town, the man they send to the Senate, or the man for whom the city presently telegraphs in desperate need, he will need a good, a sweet and simple woman beside him. He can't do it without you.

And presently you'll go with him upon his glorious way, and you and he will look at each other, in the Pullman drawing room, or the big hotel, or as you take your places at the big dinner, and ask each other in an awed whisper, "Is this us?"

When that time comes you can turn to the world famous surgeon on your left and ask him if he is married, and he will say: "Ah, yes. My wife and I were married — on nothing! — eighteen years ago, in a little country town. She used to answer my office bell."

And you can turn to the big playwright on your right and ask the same question and, perhaps, hear: "Yes, indeed! Our boy is in Princeton. I was a press agent in a hick town when my wife and I took a chance and got married. We had two rooms ——"

To be sure, there are sensationally prosperous and wealthy men drifting about here and there unmarried. But not the kind of men you want. The "smart" set abounds in engaging characters who have flung off their little Red Bridge wives long ago, and then tried matrimony with a Russian dancer or a French modiste, and then, for a third trial, taken on some strange little creature from the "Village" who looks like a herald in a mediæval masque.

Not much prospect of happiness there! Not much prospect of real success in a few feverish weeks of city living, rushing from basement restaurant to basement restaurant, dressing in sackcloth and porch awnings, screaming over undeveloped poetry read by a tousled-headed young man temporarily living on his friends, with his feet in the lap of a Polish woman revolutionist.

If you want that sort of play-acting, it is, unfortunately, only too easily come by. But the false appetites it creates will be with you long, long after the transient glow of it is gone.

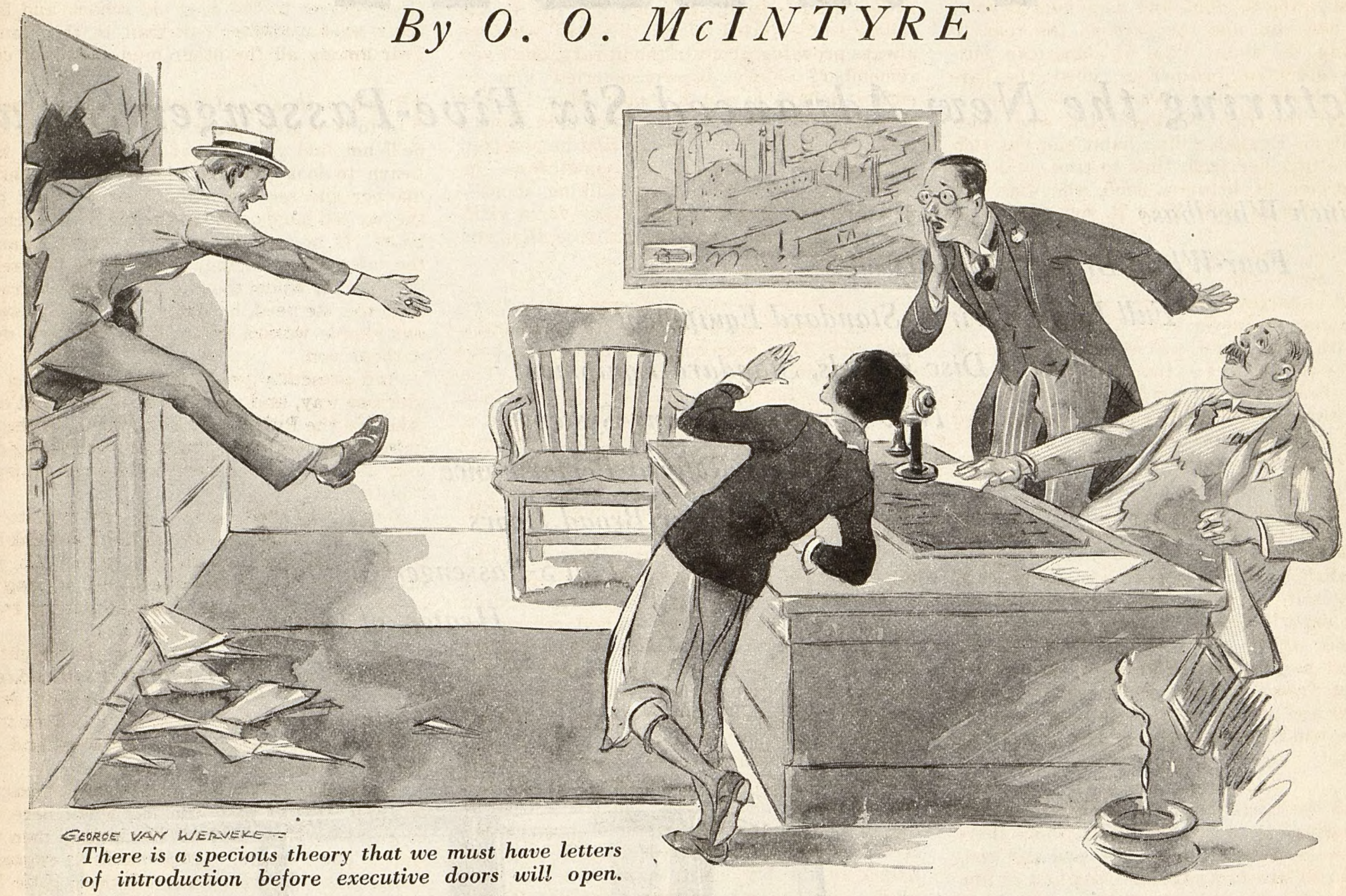
But if you really want to be a person with something to do, something to say, something to give the world, there is opportunity for the right beginning in the littlest crossroads town that ever flagged a city-bound train. The surprise—the sudden success, the telegram that will change all the world to you—you naturally can't see now. But you can start on two of the simplest rules that ever opened all the great, shining, thrilling world to a girl's hungry eyes. City-bred or country-bred, you cannot get along without them.

I'll love everybody. I'll serve everybody.

THE END

The DIRECT APPROACH

By O. O. McINTYRE



GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

There is a specious theory that we must have letters of introduction before executive doors will open.

Are You a Yes-man, a No-man, or a Perhapser? Do You Shuffle, and Feint, and Dodge, or Do You Snap Into Action? Friends, Fortune, and Fame Hinge Upon Your Decision!

Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

MY sainted grandmother used to call it "beating around the bush." It was her phrase for the circuitous methods of neighbors in traveling the longest distance between two points.

"Beating around the bush" has become a national trait. Most Americans are given to it. It is the giant sloth of business—the monkey wrench which slows up the business machinery.

Superlative genius has devised for us the telephone, telegraph, and a hundred and one electrical wonders for the short cut, but instead we swing into the long, long trail.

Where the straight punch from the shoulder is needed, we are inclined to fiddle, feint, and spar. With all our greatness, there is a weak spot in the armor—the indirect approach. Instead of going straight up to a man's door we sneak up the back alley.

A few years ago in London I wanted to meet Lord Northcliffe. I had no particular message for him, and there was no reason to believe he had ever heard of me. My desire to meet him was born of reportorial curiosity. He was one of the amazing journalistic figures of our time. I approached several English journalists who spent their idle hours around the Savoy. They were courteous, but rather vague in their answers. They would try to fix it at some indefinite date—next week or next month. Northcliffe was a busy man, you know.

A few days before going to Paris and sailing from Cherbourg I had made no progress. I decided the least that might happen to me by the direct approach was curt refusal. As a reporter I have had doors slammed in my face and a banker in Dayton, O., drew a gun on me. Another little humiliation would do no harm.

SO, rather tremulously, I called up Northcliffe's house in town. A servant connected me with a secretary. Lord Northcliffe was out. Would I leave my name? I did, and also my hotel room number.

"So that," I said, turning to my wife, "is the end of that."

The following morning at eleven o'clock the telephone rang. A voice—a booming voice it was, too—said "Northcliffe speaking." Two hours later I joined him at luncheon and spent three-quarters of an hour in his company. By the rather simple method of the direct approach I had accomplished what appeared otherwise impossible.

MOST folk build up bugaboos about men in high places. It is the common experience of every interviewer that the man who has achieved fame or success generally is easiest to meet.

There is a specious theory that we must have letters of introduction before executive doors will swing open. We gumshoe around when about all we need to do is to yank the door bell.

Perhaps it is an inferiority complex that trips us up. The average fellow seems to feel superior only when he sees a man slip on a banana peel. We forget the lode star of all our philosophy—that folks everywhere are just folks.

When Irvin S. Cobb was a reporter on the New York *Evening World* William Travers Jerome was district attorney of New York. Jerome in action was a whirlwind—an explosion of energy. He was perhaps the most picturesque of all those who ever sat in the district attorney's chair.

At that period the elder Pulitzer, owner of *The World,* and a picturesque figure himself, wanted some information that only Jerome could supply. It might be imagined that Pulitzer, whose name overshadowed Jerome's, would write a letter or use the telephone. But

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

NASH

Picturing the New Advanced Six Five-Passenger Sedan

121-inch Wheelbase

Four-Wheel Brakes, Nash Design

Full Balloon Tires, Standard Equipment

Five Disc Wheels, Standard Equipment

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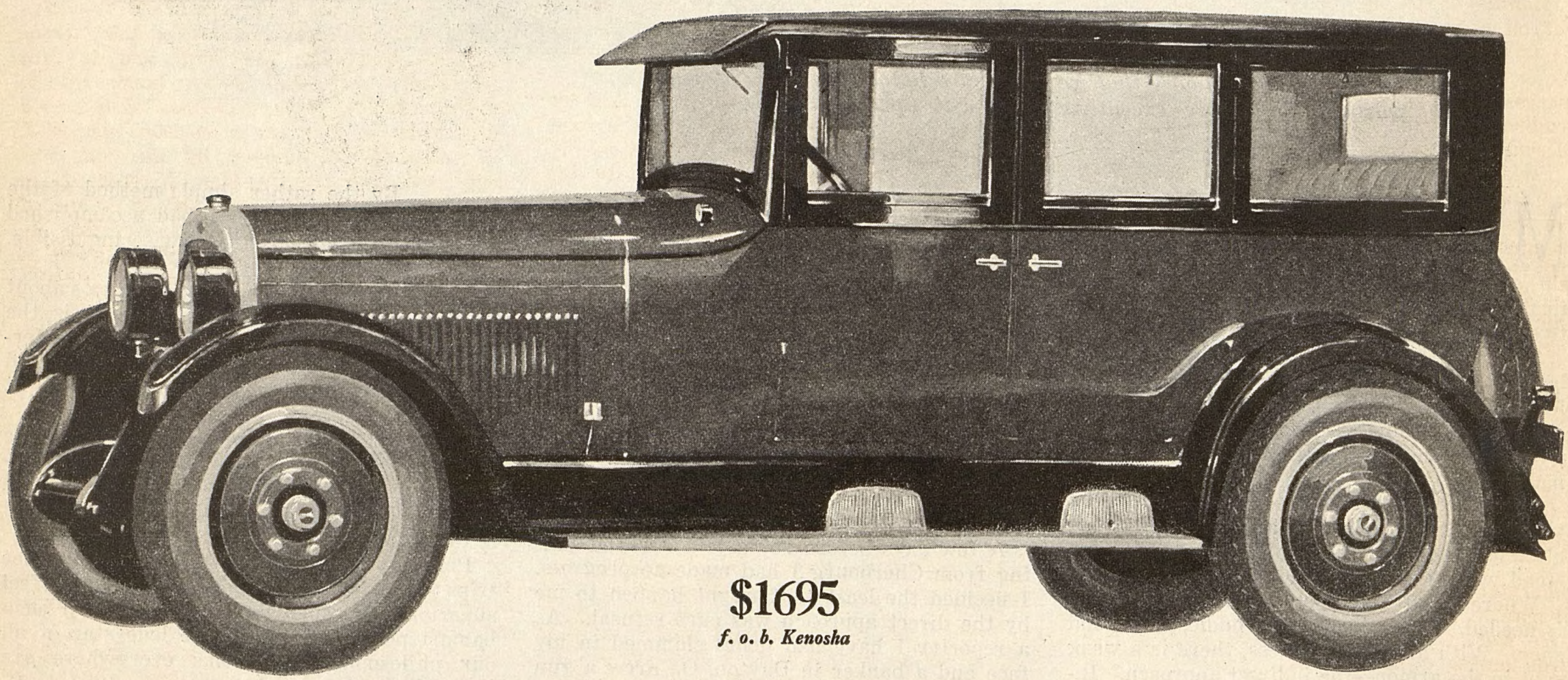

$1695

f. o. b. Kenosha

Lowest-Priced 121-inch Wheelbase, Four-Door Sedan on the Market

New Advanced Six Series

MODELS: 5-Pass. Touring, $1375; 7-Pass. Touring, $1525; Roadster, $1375; 5-Pass. Sedan, $1695; 7-Pass. Sedan, $2290; Four-Door Coupe, $2190; F. O. B. Kenosha

New Special Six Series

MODELS: Five-Passenger Touring, $1095; Roadster, $1095; Five-Pass. Sedan, $1295; F. O. B. Milwaukee

(434)

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

he, too, in this instance used the indirect approach.

For several weeks detectives trailed Jerome in the hope of picking up crumbs of information. Friends of the district attorney were asked to aid in the curious quest.

Time passed and nothing happened. One day the elder Pulitzer called up the city editor of *The Evening World* and after talking over some other matters expressed regret he had not been able to secure the information he desired from Jerome.

"I'll see what I can do," said the city editor.

He went over to Cobb's desk. "Go down and see Jerome," he said, "and ask him these three questions." He propounded the questions.

Cobb put on his hat and coat, lighted a cigar and took a street car to the district attorney's office. Jerome was in court. Cobb sent a note in by a bailiff asking for an appointment.

On the back of the note Jerome wrote:

"Will see you across the street in fifteen minutes." Cobb knew he meant a cafe which he often patronized, and so he waited there. Jerome came in promptly, and over a glass of beer Cobb asked the questions, which were answered without hesitation. Cobb returned to the office and reported the result of his errand.

In a half hour and at an expense of ten cents car fare he had accomplished what weeks and great expense had failed to accomplish.

INDIRECT methods cost us much worry, time, and money. It is not necessary to be a go-getter for quick results. It is only necessary to swerve from our custom of making simple things difficult.

The Earl Carroll Theater in New York is a monument to the direct approach. Earl Carroll began his career as a theater usher. He is still a young man in his early thirties. When he went to New York he wrote a few successful songs and then tried his hand at producing. Two of his plays were hits, but he ran into lean days.

He spent his last thousand dollars trying to infuse life into a play which finally gasped out and went to that heaven of theatrical dreams—Cain's warehouse.

Carroll was broke and to be broke on Broadway is a stigma of failure. Broadway has no time for the penniless. It is interested only in success.

Yet Carroll pulled himself together and by hitting straight from the shoulder wrested success from the abyss of despair. He had always nursed a dream of having his own theater in which he would produce his own plays.

With no money and a background of failure he found a site on Seventh Avenue at Fiftieth Street. Some time before that he had met at a social gathering Will Edrington, a rich Texas oil man.

He went to Edrington's office and put his cards on the table. Carroll believed he had an idea. Edrington thought so, too, and a month later buildings were being razed to rear the Earl Carroll theater to the clouds.

It is recorded that the late J. P. Morgan met an American at the home of a Paris banker. The American had for many months been maneuvering to bring about a meeting. When he finally got Mr. Morgan off in a corner he said:

"Mr. Morgan, I have for many months wanted to talk to you about a business matter which I think will be of interest. Will it be possible for me to confer with you when I return to New York?"

"Why not talk to me now?" inquired the banker, but the American excused himself on the plea that it was a business matter, and he did not want to take advantage of a social meeting.

"Very well," said the banker. And several months later, when the American visited the banker's office and presented his proposition, the banker told him it was too late. Another had carried the idea to him, and together they had made several million dollars.

There was a fortune lost by the indirect approach!

HENRY L. DOHERTY, a Wall Street banker and a big dealer in public utilities, used to have a little sign over his desk which read: "Hesitation seldom prospers." Doherty has always gone like a shot from one big thing to another.

He has no patience with vacillation. There was a time when a life insurance agent had heard Doherty was in the market for a sizable policy. He began to marshal his forces to meet Doherty. He tried to arrange a luncheon, but failed.

He went to Doherty's office with a sheaf of introductions, but a secretary turned him away. The secretary knew Doherty's aversion to red tape methods.

The insurance agent never sold the policy. The man who did sell the policy called up Doherty's secretary one day and explained he was a life insurance agent.

"At any convenient time," he said, "I would like to call on Mr. Doherty. I have all the figures in hand and it will take but a few moments."

His straightforward method got him the interview and he sold the policy.

I was in the office of the chief executive of one of New York's biggest department stores one day interviewing him for a magazine on what trait he prized most among those in his employ.

He replied instantly, "Directness." And he told me a highly illuminative story of a case in point. There were two young men in his employ who were being considered for an important buying post in Europe.

He called each in separately.

Of the first he asked, "How long, in case I decide to give the place to you, will it be before you can be ready to leave for Europe?"

The young employé was not quite sure. He thought in a week, perhaps two weeks, and spoke of several things he would have to do.

The same question was asked of the second.

"I can go on the next boat," was his reply.

The second man got the job. The executive figured the man who would immediately take advantage of a promotion without giving serious thought to the smaller things that might come up was the one who could be depended upon to act quickly in a case of emergency.

IF I am a bit more personal regarding the value of the direct approach I believe it will be pardonable. I have all my life lacked decision. It has cost me friends in several instances, and I know it has proved a stumbling block in my career more times than I care to recall.

I have said "Yes" so often when I should have said "No." It is the line of least resistance to say "Yes," but in the final analysis "No" would have saved me much time, money, and worry.

It has always seemed easier for me to say "Yes" at first and make excuses afterward. This has offended quite a number of people, whereas had I taken the negative at the beginning nothing would have been thought of the matter at all.

The fellow who learns to say "No" without quibbling has freed himself of many entanglements. And most of us "Yesers" hold him in high admiration. He is the sort of fellow we would like to tie to in an emergency.

A man's "No" can be much kindlier than his "Yes," even though it may not seem so at the time.

I remember going to a man I regarded as a very close friend about a matter which at the moment seemed very important to me. It was somewhat in the nature of a favor. When I mentioned the subject I could see my friend freezing up.

"I can't do this for you," he said with a click. I went out of his office a little dazed and very much hurt. It seemed to me he had failed in a test of friendship.

But I was wrong. He was fortunate enough to have the gift of saying "No," and I found out some time later that what I wanted him to do was about the worst possible thing anyone could do for a friend.

It is a human failing to go in the line of least resistance, but it is ofttimes costly. I had one sad experience in this fashion. A young man of whom I was very fond came to me bubbling with the enthusiasm of youth. He wanted to be a writer. He showed me some indifferent bits of fiction he had written.

My experience as an editor and a writer told me that he was very far from reaching his goal. Yet he was so young and so hopeful that I simply could not bring myself to discourage him. Instead I rather encouraged him. Several weeks later I learned he had left a position which offered him great opportunities to write.

He wrote feverishly for two years without selling a line. For a time it broke the lad's spirit. I finally induced him to go back to the work he had left. He did, and is now successful, but I shall always blame myself for those hollow, empty months. Had I been less vacillating it would never have happened.

I am always impressed by the man who strikes out from the shoulder. Most of us are impressed by direct action and it is one of the strange quirks of human nature that we who do admire this virtue are so prone to vacillation and meek acquiescence.

FINALLY, I have found that failure goes hand in hand with indecision. When the editor asked me to write this article I decided to experiment a little among men who had clutched at life and missed. I went to a certain philanthropic lodging house.

In the dim lit lobby was an odd assortment of humanity that had crept in with the dusk. They talked little and when they did it was with a dull, sad rancor. There were peddlers, silver haired quick lunch cashiers, a few broken down character actors, doormen, curb hawkers, and house to house canvassers.

Each had a clouded luster to his life. They were drifters—rolling hither and thither over the earth. The future had become opaque to them and they didn't care.

I engaged in conversation with eight of them. It was the same old, old story. Some had been unable to say "No" to drink, others to fair weather friends, and still others to a false philosophy of life. A few "Noes" might have stiffened their backbones and entirely changed the current of their lives.

In a like fashion the direct approach in business would make it much more simple and pleasant than it is today.

THE END

A table was conjured for them in a corner behind a pillar sparkling with rhinestones.

Beginning a Serial Story of the World's Most Wonderful Thoroughfare and of a Girl Who Dreamed of a Wonderful Love

A LITTLE BIT

CHAPTER I.

PANSI DELANOY was a lily of the alley. Flowers, sometimes, grow in asphalt. It must be Manhattan's magic. Else how explain Pansi?

She was pulling on her cobwebby stockings, knotting them at the knee with a deft twist, smoking a cigaret, examining her current complexion in the dressing room mirror, and talking two hundred and fifty words a minute, all at the same time.

She eyed the sheer silk on her legs approvingly. It is not indecorous to mention, thus publicly, Miss DeLanoy's legs, any more than it would be to mention the Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, or Grant's tomb, for they were, at the very least, a semi-public institution and were on view at the Theatre Nouveau every evening and Wednesday and Saturday matinées. Pansi was "that spirited little devil on the end, the one with the curls and the provocative smile," as a famous theatrical producer described her.

Pansi herself would have been the last person to discourage admiring comment on her legs. Not to notice them, and to notice was to praise, would have stamped one, in Miss DeLanoy's estimation, as deficient in gallantry, and she would have been quick to draw attention to the oversight.

She would say, "Look, papa!" All personable males between eighteen and one hundred were automatically given a paternal status by Pansi. "Look! Ain't they the kitten's lisp?"

Or, again, "Don't they win the cut glass talcum powder?"

No one had ever been known to deny it.

It could hardly be said of Miss Pansi DeLanoy of the Theatre Nouveau that she was without visible means of support. Those dimpled knees of hers were her bread and butter—forty dollars' worth a week. Ever since the day when a quick eyed manager had seen her dancing over on Tenth Avenue to the tune of a hand organ, a wild street hoyden with the grace of a fawn, Pansi had danced for a living.

Pansi completed her street toilet by running a comb through the bobbed auburn tangle of curls, giving her impudent nose a casual but highly accurate flip with a powder puff the size of an adult cauliflower. She picked up the jacket of her plain blue suit. "Got it at a Clarence sale on Fourteenth Street for nineteen ninety-eight," she remarked. "Who is this egg Clarence that's always having sales? Have a peek, Goldie. Ain't this rig the pup's pedigree?"

Miss Goldie Gould (born Lena Kraus), who dressed next to Pansi, who had been baptized Annie Delaney, had taken from its hanger, with just a hint of ostentation, her own coat. She slipped her slim figure into it.

"Gee! Goldie, that's a darb!" exclaimed Pansi, openly covetous. "A new one, ain't it?"

"Yeah," replied Miss Gould, who went in for a very high society manner.

"What is it? Siberian pretzel hound or genuine Hoboken sable? Civic cat, maybe?"

"In the chorus four years and the girl doesn't know real kolinsky when she sees it!" murmured Miss Gould from a mouth occupied by hairpins and gum.

Pansi was stroking the soft fur and making ecstatic gurgles.

"Gee!" said Pansi. "It's as soft as the

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

By RICHARD CONNELL

# of BROADWAY

top of a baby's bean; and I'll bet it's warm, too."

"As hell," said Miss Gould, proudly.

"You musta slapped a mortgage on the family delicatessen to get it, Goldie."

Miss Gould smiled the smile of superior sophistication.

"If you're hinting around to know how much it cost, I'll tell you. Six hundred and fifty fish that coat cost. Now ask me who stood for it," said Goldie.

"I was wondering," admitted Pansi.

"Bennie," replied Miss Gould.

"Your chum with the wholesale waistline?" Pansi inquired.

Miss Gould was mildly indignant.

"Huh! Jealous? Perhaps Bennie Zimmer ain't no complexion-mud advertisement, and maybe he ain't got a figure like half-past twelve, but he owns a string of barber shops, and he unbuckles, dearie, he unbuckles."

Pansi ran pleased fingers over the fur.

"It's a Ritzy kimona, all right," she said. "I hand it the marble ear muffs, Goldie."

Miss Gould looked hard at Pansi.

"How'd you like to have its twin brother?" asked Miss Gould. Pansi raised plucked eyebrows.

"ON forty per? Don't make me laugh, I got a gold tooth. Ain't you heard, Goldie, that Sandy Claws got killed last Christmas trying to come out of a steam radiator?"

"I'm not kidding, Pansi."

"Say," demanded Pansi, "is that coat of yours going to have brothers or something?"

"Aw, Pansi, quit pulling comedy; you're made up straight."

"Well, then," questioned Pansi, "where is this bush where the fur coats bloom?"

"Its name," said Miss Gould, "is Marty, Bennie's friend. The stoutish party that's in the human hair business. You remember him. He was the egg in the white vest that was rushing you at that party at the Roadside Inn."

"Could I ever forget Marty?"

"He was out front tonight," went on Goldie Gould. "Sitting in the left stage box."

"I thought that halibut face was familiar," remarked Pansi. "He was giving me the eye all evening."

"He's regular, Marty is," said Miss Gould. "A little rough, maybe, but he makes enough sugar to sweeten the East River, and there ain't no fishhooks in his pocket, dearie."

"But he looks like something you'd find on a beach after a storm," said Pansi. "He's got more chins than a centerpiece has legs, and no more hair than the plate glass window in Grey's Drug Store.

"He's got a cave man line that would make the sheik look like a Sunday school teacher, and he——"

"Save that stuff and make a vaudeville act out of it," cut in Miss Gould. "Maybe Marty Hess ain't no Barrymore, but he's got so much jack he has to count it with both mitts, and he's cuckoo about you, Pansi."

"Is he? I knew he was cuckoo about something."

"He's bugs about you," declared Miss Gould.

"I don't like human halibuts," observed Pansi. "And I've boxed enough rounds with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

How did your *garters* look this morning

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

This friendly reminder to forgetful men has earned for Bostons the thanks of thousands of careful dressers. Be comfortable by knowing your garters are fresh always.

George Frost Company, Boston.
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

GFT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

hese Broadway Romeos to know their style."

"Getting up-stage in your old age?" queried Miss Gould. (Pansi was twenty-one.) "Don't pull that line on me. I knew you when you danced to hurdy-gurdies over by the gas tanks on Tenth Avenue——"

"Double Fifth Avenue, if you please, Miss Gould," corrected Pansi, with a take-off of a moving picture society lady's imitation of a society lady's hauteur.

"Tell that one to Marty. He's waiting outside with Bennie now. Wants to throw a party for us. Let's go, Pansi."

"I'm sort of sick of parties," said Pansi. "The men are all alike. You can't trust any one of them further than I could toss the Hotel Wondoria. I wish parties weren't the only way I knew of having a little fun."

"I ain't noticed you passing up many lately," remarked Miss Gould.

"I know it," said Pansi. "I guess I can't get along without 'em. Wish I could. But every night I seem to fall for one and they're all the same. Last night I was down to Coney with Eddie, Larry, and Mae. We took a crack at everything on the island, and didn't roll home till four g. m. The night before I went over to Peachtree Inn in Jersey with Harry, the juggler on big vaudeville time, to dance, and I guess we'd have been dancing yet if Harry hadn't inhaled too much ether and tried to juggle a coupla waiters.

"And the night before that, where was I? Let me see. Was I at Wessenweber's, or the Grand Roof, or the All Night Club, or all three? All I remember is that I had a grandpa wished on me who told me all about his rheumatism and his wife, and at two o'clock asked me to run off to Europe with him. Can you imagine it? I left him flat. I hate to let a guy promote me for a party and then do him sour, but you got to draw the line somewhere."

"AW, you're always drawing lines," said Miss Gould, who was making a few final corrections with her lipstick. "There's only one thing that bows a John out of my life, and that's paralysis of the pocketbook."

"You're a regular gold digger."

"Well, what do you call yourself, Pansi DeLanoy?"

"Not a gold digger. Just a silver digger," replied Pansi. "That's on the up and up, Goldie, and you know it. I never dug a daddy for anything heavier than a dinner and a ride in his car. Never in my sweet young life. I get forty per and I live on forty per, and everybody along the bright lane will tell you the same."

"Well, if you do, you're simpler than you look. You know men well enough to know that there isn't a square shooter in the whole tribe of them. They work you, and you might as well work them. I'm telling you."

"Probably you're right, Goldie," said Pansi sadly. "I wish you weren't. I get awful fed up with this merry life, sometimes. I need a rest. Weigh only a hundred and four. I wish I could go slide away somewhere for a spell, somewhere where taxis don't honk and where men don't look at you the way they look at you along Broadway."

"Well, why don't you kiss this burg goodby? Didn't your ma move out West to Omaha or Syracuse or some place? I never could keep those one night stands straight."

"The old lady went to Walnut City, Iowa, where she came from," answered Pansi. "Ma was always a stump jumper at heart. If it hadn't been for pa she'd never have come to the big village. It was funny to see her on Tenth Avenue. She tried to grow squashes in a box on the fire escape. Yeah, honest. She used to go 'round humming a song about 'I-o-way, I-o-way, out where the tall corn grows.' Poor old ma! A good sport, but an awful rube. Well, she's out where the tall corn grows now, all right, running a little farm her uncle left her, and happy as a mouse at a cat's funeral."

"Well, dearie," said Miss Gould, "if you got such a hate on N'York, why don't you blow out to Walnut City and help your old lady tame wild lima beans or something?"

Miss DeLanoy openly sniffed.

"Me?" answered Pansi DeLanoy. "Me leave Broadway? Not while I'm conscious."

"You just made a crack you was sick of N'York," said Miss Gould. "You gave out you wanted to go to the great free West, where men are men, and cows are cows, and eggs are eggs."

"You pegged me wrong that time, Goldie," declared Pansi. "I am sick of Broadway and the men and the parties, but I couldn't give them up. They're the only sort of life I know, or want to know. I guess I'd rather be a busted flivver in New York than a Rolls-Royce in Walnut City. I've never been farther West than Elizabeth, New Jersey, and I don't hanker to go. Everything west of Elizabeth can belong to Bill Hart and the Indians, for all I care. Broadway—that's my home town. A little bit of Broadway is worth the whole State of Iowa to me."

"Say, Pansi," said Miss Gould, with a certain admiration in her voice, "I wish I had as much dough as you can talk. You certainly toss a lively line. Well, you're lucky. Marty likes your pep. He told me so. And, by the way——" Miss Gould glanced at an elaborate platinum wrist watch—"the boys are waiting. What do you say, kid? Are you coming?"

For a moment Pansi hesitated. Then she shrugged the shoulders of resignation.

"O, I suppose so. It's only quarter past midnight. Too early to go to bed. Might as well kill an hour or two with your halibut friend. Golly, aren't men things?"

CHAPTER II.

TWO things were waiting for Pansi and Goldie outside the stage door. They removed hats from heads and cigars from mouths as the two girls approached them. They were men of thick, mature mold, with fat, immobile masks for faces, experienced eyes, prosperous but not cautious haberdashery, and diamond rings. The play spirit was upon them and they made an elaborate pretense that they were meeting Pansi DeLanoy for the first time.

"Miss DeLanoy," giggled Goldie Gould, "get used to my boy friends, Mr. Zimmer and Mr. Hess."

"Suffocated with pleasure," said Mr. Zimmer, roguishly. The second gentleman tried to bow, but his girth interfered, so he compromised on a duck of the head.

"Marty to you," he said. His lips smiled, but his eyes did not; they were shrewd, appraising. "Say, didn't you see me out front tonight? I couldn't keep my lamps off you."

"Love at first sight, papa?" asked Pansi.

"Sure, you bet. Say, you're there with the snappy comebacks, ain't you?" Pansi did not like the calculating way he looked at her.

"Well," she said, "are we going to sing a curbstone quartet or something?"

"How about a little chow?" suggested Mr. Hess. "And a spin in my new boiler. You feel like putting on the feed bag?"

"I'll bet you got a slot reserved at the Automat," remarked Pansi, archly.

"Automat, hey?" said Hess. "Say, kid, you rate gold-plated jellyfish with me, if you want 'em. We're going to the Diamond Roof, that's where we're going. When you travel with Marty Hess you hit the high spots, baby."

"O, papa," cried Pansi, clapping her hands, "can I have artichokes?"

"A gallon of 'em," promised Mr. Hess, handsomely. "That's the kind of a daddy I am."

Mr. Hess was the sort of man who knows cabaret head waiters by their first names and exchanges intimate nods with players on gold-plated saxophones. It seemed unlikely, by all physical laws, that another table could be placed in the great, garish, glittering, crowded room, but Mr. Hess held up four fingers like buns at the head waiter, grunted, "How's business, Jake?" and the miracle was achieved. A table was conjured for them in a corner behind a pillar sparkling with rhinestones.

"I can walk into any joint in town and get a table," said Mr. Hess. "Any time. Everybody on Broadway knows Marty Hess."

He held up a fat finger and a thin waiter flittered to them.

"Four cups of tea," ordered Mr. Hess, giving the thin waiter a fat wink. The cups came, and Pansi, tasting the contents of hers, perceived another miracle had been achieved.

Likewise, she had her artichokes.

They danced.

"Say, papa," Pansi admonished him, "don't hold me so tight; I ain't your bank roll."

"I got a roll," he chuckled, "and don't you forget it."

But he did not hold her less tightly.

"You could get money for that jiu-jitsu stuff," remarked Pansi, moving her cheek two

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN]

WHO is *Richard Connell*, the author of Liberty's sparkling new serial? You'll want to know, if you don't already. This brilliant young humorist and short story writer was born on October 17, 1893, in Poughkeepsie, New York. There his first professional writing was done on a daily newspaper of which his father was editor. Before he was twenty he had served as reporter, sporting editor, and city editor. When his father went to Washington as a Congressman, Richard went along as secretary.

RICHARD CONNELL

In 1915 he was graduated with the degree of A. B. from Harvard, where he had been president of the Lampoon and editorial chairman of the daily Crimson. After graduation he was for a year a New York City newspaper reporter, following which he turned to copy writing with an advertising agency.

Then war began—young Connell enlisted in the Twenty-seventh Division, went overseas, and helped break the Hindenburg Line. After demobilization he returned to advertising, but in 1920 began to devote all his time to writing.

From New York City, where he and Mrs. Connell spend their winters, and from Riverside, Conn., where they live during the summer, has come an interesting list of short stories, many of them bubbling with the rare humor that makes *A Little Bit of Broadway* mirthfully unique. They include: *The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon; Terrible Epps; Mr. Pottle and the South Sea Cannibals; The $25,000 Jaw,* and others that have attracted much attention. And now you are ready for his latest literary treat—*A Little Bit of Broadway*.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

inches east, "down at Madison Square Garden, wrestling the champion."

Mr. Hess looked at her very hard.

"I'd do a lot for a cute kid like you," he declared.

"Yeah," laughed Pansi, "you'd give me your last year's calendar, I'll bet."

"Always kidding, ain't you? Well, I like a gal with a sense of humor. Thank God, I got one."

"Did you check it with your hat, papa?"

Mr. Hess laughed, delightedly, as he replied, "You're there with the nifties. You're the kind of a baby for me."

"Well, take your hand off baby's arm or she'll use it for a teething ring," said Pansi DeLanoy.

THEY had returned to their chairs and the thin waiter had made a second visitation with the tea cups. Miss Gould and Mr. Zimmer were not there; they were lost in the maze of dancers somewhere on the acre of floor.

"Did you see Goldie's new fur wrapper?" asked Mr. Hess. "You'd look mighty sweet in a coat like that."

"I don't deny it," said Pansi.

"Why not have one, then?"

"On forty a week? Why, that wouldn't pay for moth balls for a coat like that."

"Goldie only gets forty," remarked Mr. Hess.

"Goldie's got Bennie."

"Well," he said, leaning across the table, "you got me."

"Have I? That's news. I didn't order halibut."

"What's that?"

"O, never mind. Just take this down in your book, Mr. Hess. Yours of even date received and contents noted and in reply would say I'm not in the market for fur coats. Yours sincerely, for more subways, Pansi DeLanoy."

He tried to lay his hand on hers, but she, with an artful artlessness, found that she had need for the hand in a nose-powdering operation.

"Stow the josh for a minute, Pansi," he said, "and be serious. I'm not talking for exercise. I mean every word I say. I've been along Broadway now twenty years or more, and you're the sweetest, cutest little lady that's ever come down the electric street. It's a shame to let a gal like you wear herself out dancing in a chorus and living in a two-by-four flat and having to stand for insulting treatment by a lot of mashers and front-row yeggs——" Mr. Hess was working himself up into quite a flight of eloquence.

Pansi interrupted with, "Like yourself, for example?"

"Be serious, can't you? I'm not like them, Pansi. I treat a girl square. My friends say I got a heart as big as a punching bag. 'Big Hearted Marty,' they call me. Give away my shirt. That's me."

"I don't want your shirt. That's me," said Pansi. "It's a terrible shirt. You oughtn't to wear pink with that boiled complexion of yours."

"Will you please stop gagging just a minute? Be reasonable and listen to sense. How long will you last in the chorus? Ten years more, mebbe. Then it's on the road with a burlesque troupe for a few years, and then what? You can't save a nickel out of forty per."

"Can't I? Well, I've already saved nearly two hundred dollars—lacking fifty."

"A HUNDRED AND FIFTY, eh? Huh!" Mr. Hess did not seek to hide his contempt for so trifling a sum. "Why, kid, I'd pay that for a pair of silk pajamas for you."

"Yes, I don't want your pajamas," sang Pansi.

Mr. Hess was growing hoarse with earnestness.

"What I want I get!" he declared. "That's me."

"What I don't want I don't take," said Pansi. "That's me."

"Well, what *do* you want? Give it a name. An apartment? A car? A maid to help you dress? A charge account at every swell dress store on Fifth Avenue? Just write your own ticket."

"You haven't named what I want," said Pansi, and for the first time she spoke seriously.

"Pearls? A star part in your own show? I'll go the limit for you, Pansi."

"No. It's something you don't know about," Pansi replied. "You'll only laugh at me if I tell you."

"Laugh? Why should I laugh?"

"Because they laugh at a thing like that along Broadway."

"I don't get you, Pansi. What is it you want?"

"You won't kid me, or tell the gang?"

"I swear I won't." Mr. Hess laid his jeweled hand on his abundant pink silk bosom.

"Well," said Pansi, "it's love."

Mr. Hess' earnestness increased.

"But I love you, Pansi."

She shook her head.

"That's what your lips say," she said. "But I can see your eyes. You and I don't mean the same thing by love. I'm twenty-one. You're forty—and shopworn."

"Shopworn? I can lick any man in this room, and I'll prove it this minute if you say the word."

He surged up as if he had every intention of carrying out his boast.

"O, sit down and cool off; you're melting the ice. I know you used to be a pug. I know all about you."

"How come? What do you mean? Who's been lying about me?" Mr. Hess demanded warmly.

"O, I don't mean that affair with that blonde from Boston. Everybody along Broadway knows about that, anyway. I mean I know all about you because you're like all the other men I meet or ever have met in this town. You talk about love, and it's a wonder the word doesn't burn your tongue. There are two kinds of love, decent love and your kind. I don't want your kind, thank you, just the same. Yours for a bigger, better, brighter Brooklyn, Pansi DeLanoy."

"I like that," said Mr. Hess, meaning that he decidedly did not like it. "If I wasn't wild about you, Pansi, you couldn't talk like that to me and get away with it. You say all the men you've met along Broadway are the same. I know what you mean. Well, let me tell you something, kid—all the girls I've met along Broadway are the same. They're in the game for what they can get out of it, and the only kind of love letter they care about is one beginning 'Pay to the order of——' I know."

Pansi's eyes were bright with temper.

"I'm not talking about the gold-diggers you know, Marty Hess. I'm talking about myself—Pansi DeLanoy. I admit I'm a silver-digger. I'll let you or any other fairly clean white man pay for a dish of artichokes for me if he behaves himself. That's a cheap enough price for him to pay for my company. But that doesn't give him any right to think he can fur-coat or limousine me. Stencil that in your Panama."

"My God, you're a little beauty when your eyes snap like that!" Mr. Hess exclaimed, and that he meant it there could be no question. "I wish I knew what you really want."

"I told you. Something you can't give me."

His answer was to take from his pocket a swollen roll of bills, yellow bills. He tossed them carelessly on the table.

"I can give you anything—anything. I told you I'd go the limit, Pansi. I mean it."

"You talk as if you were bidding for a bale of human hair, Marty Hess. I've heard your line before. Don't think you haven't competitors. But you might just as well save your breath for business hours. It's not a case of

Pansi was that spirited little devil on the end.

"My luck certainly wins the concrete cantaloupe."

'Going, going, gone! Sold to the gentleman in the pink silk shirt' with me."

"Is there someone else, then?" demanded Mr. Hess.

"Didn't I just tell you that all the men I know are just like you?" returned Pansi. "No. I'm as free as tire air."

Mr. Hess sought counsel and strength from his teacup.

"I wish I knew how to figure you," he said, almost plaintively. "I certainly have laid myself out to please you. Perhaps it's a little coaxing you want."

"LET'S drop this scene," said Pansi, springing to her feet. "It's spoiling the film. Let's dance. Listen; they're playing the Baby Blue Blues."

He did not move. He sat chewing the end of his cigar.

"I don't feel like dancing," he said. "I want to talk this thing out with you, Pansi. Sit down."

"My cards are on the table," she said, sitting down. "And you haven't a trump left in your hand."

"The only way I can dope it," said Mr. Hess, partly to her, partly to his teacup, "is that there's another man in the picture."

"Aw, change reels," said Pansi. "This one's beginning to give me a pain."

"There is another man, then? Will you swear there isn't?"

"O, just to keep the baby quiet, I'll tell you. There is another man."

"Huh? So that's the answer. Who is he?"

"I don't know," answered Pansi DeLanoy.

"Say, are you trying to kid me or something? What do you mean, you don't know who he is?"

"I don't,' said Pansi.

"What does he look like? Where does he hang out?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Are you bugs, or am I? How can you have a sweetie you don't know? I can understand your not knowing his name, but I can't see how you don't know what he looks like."

"That's easy," replied Pansi. "I've never seen him."

"Never seen him? Say, is he a mail order daddy or something? Didn't he even send his tintype?"

"He never wrote me a letter," said Pansi, and that serious manner was on her again. "I don't even know he exists. Lots of times I think he doesn't. But I hope he does. I keep looking for him."

"Aw," said Mr. Hess, openly contemptuous, "it's all a pipe dream. Leave that stuff for the snowbirds, Pansi. Get a real man, like me."

"I've seen better men," Pansi answered, "in delicatessen windows made out of pumpkins."

"Wise-crack all you like, kid. My skin's thick. But remember this, dreams never paid the rent on a duplex apartment, and you can't cash a dream at the bank."

"Love's the same sort of thing," said Pansi DeLanoy. "Anyway, my kind of love is."

"WELL," Mr. Hess commented, moving his hand along the table so that the electric light could rebound from his diamond ring, "I don't see where you get such sappy ideas. You've parked in this man's town long enough to know that everything is a dollar and cents proposition, including love. O, it has its other side, too."

He added this postscript hastily, for he was watching Pansi's face.

"Now, let me wise you up on this notion of yours about a pipe dream hero with an alabaster brow," went on Mr. Hess in his most confidential manner. "I've heard that sort of talk from young kids like you before. They all think that if they sit around and look pretty a pure, blonde gink, eight feet tall, in tin knight clothes, will come galloping up on a milk-white steed and carry them off to his castle, where they will spend their life spooning and eating cream puffs. A lot of 'em are waiting yet."

"I'm willing to wait," said Pansi.

"Then you've got a long wait coming," Mr. Hess assured her. "Men simply don't grow like that any more. I doubt if they ever did. When I was on the road for Katz & Blatt I made every town in these United States, and some of them were Lulus, I'll yodel to the world. Population, one hundred, counting cows and flivvers. I met a lot of men, first and last, and let me tell you this: they're all alike.

"Yank the village cut-up off Main Street in any burg, plant him on Broadway with a new hair cut and a hundred bucks' worth of citified gents' furnishings, and in three weeks you wouldn't be able to tell him from the birds that have been roosting along Broadway since the first electric bulb was put there. The only difference between men is that some have badger hair cuts. As far as habits and thoughts go, they're all cut from the same piece of goods.

"You're too clever a kid to tumble for this romance piffle. You'll never find this ninety-nine and ninety-nine hundredths per cent pure young man, because he just isn't. You got about as much chance as a man looking in a dark room for a black cat that isn't there."

"JUST the same," said Pansi, "I'm going to keep looking. Maybe you're right; probably you are. The longer I live the less I think of men. But I'm going to shop around some more, just the same. Maybe in a couple

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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of years I'll get around to the remnant counter."

"Thanks. It's lucky for you I'm a gentleman," vouched Mr. Hess. "Some guys I know would knock a gal for a row of filling stations for making a crack like that. But I just grin and bear it. That proves I'm dizzy about you, Pansi."

"We're wasting a lot of expensive jazz music," suggested Miss DeLanoy, "sitting here and batting words back and forth. Let's call this debate a draw and get some ankle-exercise."

But Mr. Martin Hess was not to be budged from his gilt chair. Determination was in his eyes.

"You're fencing with me, Pansi," he said. "I know your line. You're trying to make me think you're sweet sixteen and never been kissed."

"I'm not sweet sixteen," said Pansi, "and you wouldn't believe me if I told you I've never been kissed."

"No," replied Mr. Hess, with a skeptical grin, "I wouldn't."

"Just the same," said Pansi DeLanoy, "it's true."

Mr. Hess considered this a comical statement, and he said so.

"O," said Pansi, "I'll admit I've been kissed at. But that's a different thing. Men always try to kiss me. Some of them have hardly gotten out 'Pleased-tuh-meetcha, Pansi,' when bingo! they try to kiss me. But a lot of good it does 'em."

"You're overdue for a real kiss, then," said Mr. Hess. For a bulky man he moved swiftly, and before Pansi could stop him he had kissed her, kissed her loudly and vigorously. Then Mr. Hess yelped. It was the yelp of sharp pain, for Pansi, with the accuracy developed in the chorus, had kicked Mr. Hess in the shins with her extremely pointed shoe.

"S-a-a-a-y," he spluttered, his face three degrees redder than a tail light.

"O, keep cool or you'll set your celluloid collar on fire," said Pansi. "I've kicked better men than you in the shins. Half of Wall Street is limping because of me. Put on your brakes, old berry, you're skidding! If you think a dollar and a half's worth of artichokes gives you the kissing privileges around here you're all wrong."

"Aw," muttered Mr. Hess, sullenly, as he rubbed his shin, "Goldie said you were a sport."

"So I am," flashed back Pansi. "Haven't I sat opposite you all evening and listened to you? I ought to have wrapped a chair around your neck an hour ago. For the sake of the artichokes I let you say your say. Well, you've said it and I've said mine. Sit down and keep your hands where they belong or I'll make your shins look like a saw blade. I'm going home."

"Aw, Pansi," begged Mr. Hess, "don't go 'way sore. Sit down and have another drink. I've only begun to tell you what I'll do for you."

"Thank you, there's only one thing I want you to do for me, Marty Hess."

"What's that?" he asked eagerly.

"Do you know the Brooklyn Bridge?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, go and jump off it," said Pansi, getting up. "Good night. I've got a date with a pillow."

Mr. Hess tried to detain her, but she shook his hand from her arm.

"Don't think I'm through with you, kid," he said. "My friends call me Marty the Go-Getter. That's me."

"Then go get yourself a cage in the zoo and hand the public a laugh," said Pansi.

"All right," said Marty Hess, hard of voice, "remember the old one about he who laughs last. Go out and look for your pure young sap. I wish you luck. Look good. And then remember, my name's in the telephone book. Martin V. Hess, human hair goods, Walton 2730. That's me."

"Thanks for the artichokes," said Pansi.

"Let me take you home in my bus," offered Marty.

"Thanks. I'd rather walk," answered Pansi over her shoulder. "I feel the need of fresh air."

CHAPTER III.

SHE slipped in and out among the dancers and ran down the stairs. Outside she paused, then she started briskly up Broadway, looking neither to the right nor left.

For three blocks a great anger was on Pansi DeLanoy. But it wore off as she walked, and thought. It wore off as she ventured to raise her eyes and look at the lights of Broadway. This was not the first time in her life Pansi DeLanoy had walked home alone; it was not the first time she had left a more or less astonished man sitting at a table while she hurried away from him, thinking bitter thoughts of him and all men. She was thinking that her life, as she recalled it then, was nothing but a series of slapped faces and kicked shins. Her anger gave way to worry. She was saying to herself, "How long can I keep it up?"

She turned into Fifty-fourth Street and headed west. Not far from the elevated she came to a dirty faced apartment house, fire escapes of which gave it an unshaven appearance. She entered its narrow, dank hall, which smelled of families, and with careful, quiet step climbed four flights of stairs to Apartment 5-A, her home—a room, a bath with flowers painted on the tin tub, a kitchenette the size of a telephone booth, steam sometimes, hot and cold running water, bugs, a view of an all night garage, at sixty dollars a month.

Outside the battered galvanized iron door she stopped to hunt her key. A wan, complaining gas jet in the hall struggled morosely against the darkness and gave just enough thin blue light for her to see that propped up against the pint milk bottle outside her door was something white. She stooped and picked it up. It was a letter—special delivery. By the moribund light she read the address:

MISS ANNIE DELANEY,
The Marlborough-Ginsberg Arms,
West 54th St., New York City, N. Y.

She knew it was from her mother even before she made out the postmark, "Walnut City, Iowa." Pansi had never been able to get her mother to accept her stage name.

Pansi took the letter into her room and sat down on the brass bed to read it. She read:

Dear Daughter Annie:

Thank you for sending me the ten dollars. Well, Annie, I hope this letter finds you well. It leaves me poorly. A cow kicked me; she didn't mean it, poor thing, but I guess a bee must have stung her while I was milking, and I got to stay in bed because my spine is hurt bad, and down at the church Father O'Flynn is asking them to pray for my speedy recovery or happy death, so I guess I must be sorta bad off. There ain't no one to feed the chickens and I'm sort of lonesome. I hope they give you some lines to speak in the new show. All the folks out here are nice to me because I got a daughter on the stage. Don't eat too much French pastry, Annie, because it is bad for the complexion. Now, no more at present from your loving mother.

PANSI DE LANOY, hunched down on her brass bed, read the letter a second time. She lit a cigaret and sat staring moodily at a plump Tiss Me doll which adorned her paint needing chiffonier. Slowly, for a third time, she read her mother's letter. Then she stood up and shrugged her shoulders.

"My luck certainly wins the concrete cantaloupe," she remarked. "Walnut City!"

She looked out of the window and over the roof of the garage next door; in the moonless sky she could see the golden flush painted there by the lights of Broadway.

"Walnut City!" she said again. "Apple knocking sheiks with round haircuts and 'O. U. Kid' buttons in the lapels of their trick clothes. Bet they think they're wicked because they stay up till half-past ten playing checkers at the hook and ladder house. Still and all, ma's up against it. But why did she have to go 'way out there? New Jersey would have been bad enough. I'll bet there isn't a cabaret in town."

Pansi looked at the letter again.

"There ain't no one to feed the chickens," she read.

"Why the hell can't chickens feed themselves?" Pansi said to herself.

"And Lee did say that he might give me a line to speak in the next show. Talk about your tough breaks! Walnut City! I'll bet they think George Ade is a drink. Why wasn't I born an orphan?"

She had hung her suit up carefully in the closet and had donned her ninety-eight cent nightgown. She accomplished the feat of shrugging her shoulders while lying on her bed.

"This sure is the end of a perfect day," she remarked. "First Marty, then ma, then Walnut City. O, what's the use? Walnut City! I know what they think about chorus girls in dumps like that. I wouldn't admit it to that big bozo, Marty Hess, but I guess he's right about the men out there. Still, what can I do? I wonder if one of the girls will lend me a suitcase? I wonder what you feed chickens? I wonder——"

Outside the nighthawk taxicabs squawked; the trains on the elevated rumbled along; milk trucks with clanking cans jolted and rattled on their way; over on the Diamond Roof on Broadway Mr. Martin Hess schemed over his fifth teacup while a dozen dextrous young men played feverishly and brassily I Got Another Papa Now; raucous newsboys of fifty bellowed their wares, pink early morning extras full of scandal, bribery and sudden death; Goldie Gould went purring apartment-ward in Bennie Zimmer's imported roadster; the crickets chirped in Central Park; but inside Apartment 5-A there was no further sound. Pansi DeLanoy, née Annie Delaney, having tucked her mother's letter under the pillow, had, still wondering, fallen asleep.

"Tom may fool the sunbonnets around here, but he can't fool me," says Pansi of Young Corbin, one of Walnut City's beaux, in the next installment of this piquant and highly unusual serial. Read her entertaining discovery of "the unkissed ingénue" in next week's Liberty.

Introducing Luke Barnett, Whose Profession Has Fast Footwork for One of Its Biggest Essentials, and Who Has No Known Rivals in His Chosen Calling.

He MAKES *His* LIVING *by* BEING *a* PEST

By HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by HAMILTON WILLIAMS

He would referee himself, so as to take no chances.

LUKE BARNETT of Pittsburgh and the world has more temporary enemies and more permanent friends than almost anyone else in the United States, and, queerly enough, his friends are those who had to be held to keep them from hitting him on the chin.

Barnett's business is one of the queerest in the world, for he makes his living and has acquired a comfortable fortune by insulting people gratuitously, by making the most infernal pest of himself, and aggravating entirely innocent persons until they want to kill him.

In spite of the fact that he has insulted, in public, thousands of men, intruded upon their rights and privileges, interfered with their pleasure, held them up to ridicule, and pestered some of the most prominent men in the country, no one ever has struck Luke, and, after all is over, the victims become his active agents and hire him to pester their friends.

Charles Schwab, Elihu Root, Jim Corbett, A. A. Corey, Alex Moore, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Colonel "Joe" Thompson, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, Jack Barrymore, millionaires, statesmen, diplomats, big business men, bankers; in fact, men of every station in life, have been his victims—and his press agents.

The psychology of Luke's success is that every victim of a joke immediately wants some friend of his to be victimized and is willing to pay. So Luke Barnett goes through life, playing practical jokes, making the most offensive sort of a pest of himself, and getting from two hundred dollars up a night for doing it, and he enjoys it.

A nice looking, keen eyed, heavy set, baldheaded man, with ability as an actor and a faculty of impersonation startlingly realistic and speaking half a dozen languages, able to weep real tears in an emergency and to grow apoplectic as with rage, the only unconvincing trait he has is the twinkle in his expressive eyes which shows he is enjoying the farce.

Barnett's favorite joke is to impersonate a Polish head waiter at banquets, for which he is paid large sums.

HIS methods are well illustrated by his experience with Walter Kelley, "The Virginia Judge" of stage fame. Barnett had been employed by some practical jokers and directed to pay attention to the famous vaudeville comedian. Many notable persons were present and the actor naturally wanted to appear well. Barnett started. Every time he passed Kelley's chair he would whisper, "Der wrong fork, pleass." The actor, startled, changed forks and glanced around guiltily. In half an hour Barnett had Kelley groping for knives and forks desperately, and loudly asked, "Haf you nefer been in swell gompany before?" and giving the actor hints on etiquette.

The actor, enraged but striving to hold his temper and avert a scene, pretended to ignore his tormentor. Barnett kept at Kelley, whispering that he was sitting wrong, that his napkin was wrong, and when finally Kelley commanded him to get away Barnett raised his voice, grew purple in the face, and exclaimed that he would not be insulted. The actor by that time was angry. Finally Barnett walked behind him and said in a stage whisper, "Big fat dog."

"He called me a dog," exclaimed Kelley. "Called me a dog."

Kelley's friends had to restrain him from pursuing the supposed head waiter into the kitchen and wreaking vengeance upon him.

At these banquets Barnett selects the most prominent and complacent persons and nags at them. He had Charles Schwab, the famous steel magnate, furious, pitying yet hating, because Barnett always poses as being ignorant and dull.

During the war he could almost start a riot

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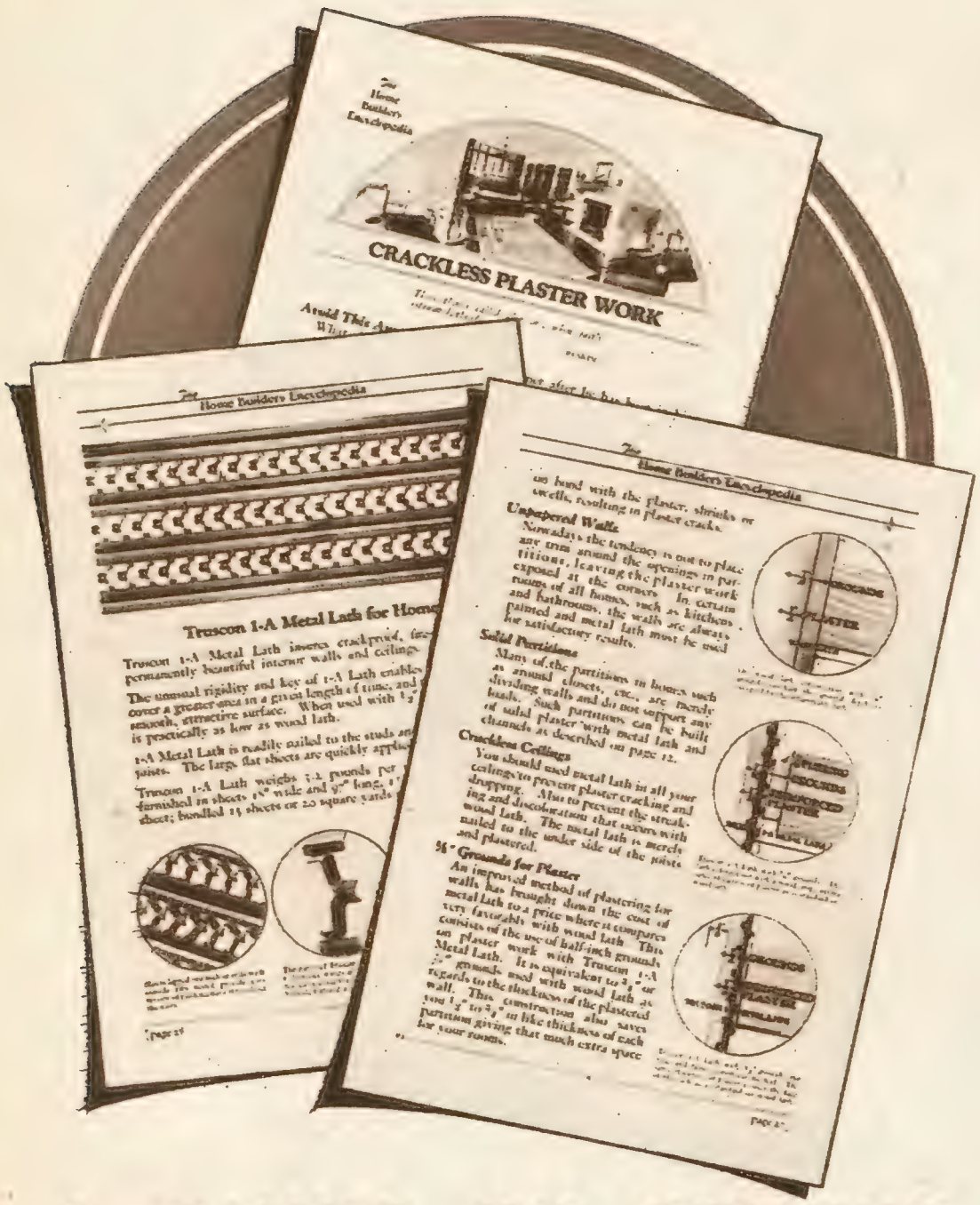

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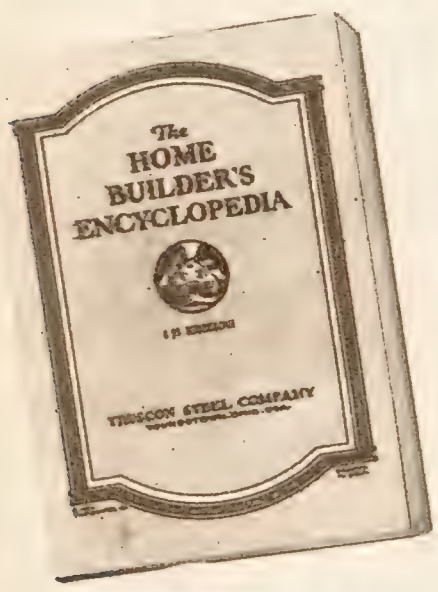

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

by his impersonation of an arrogant but stupid German head waiter.

"I have been chased into kitchens, threatened a thousand times, and cornered a score of times," said Barnett. "Yet no one ever has struck me.

"When cornered so that I am unable to dodge or run I drop my arms helplessly and cry. No one will hit a man who is crying. No man will strike you if you can make him think. Sometimes footwork is required, and I usually get on the other side of the table quickly after goading a man.

"The quickest and surest way to irritate a man is to give him the impression you believe he is ignorant of proper social customs. If he lights a cigar when the speaking begins I come behind him and say, 'No smoking, pleass.' Involuntarily he drops the cigar and then gets mad, because he is right and has practically confessed being wrong by his actions."

BARNETT'S system is always to put his victim on the defensive, to accuse him of something of which he is innocent and make him lose his temper. Once a man has lost his temper he never suspects he is the victim of a joke.

One of the best jokes Barnett ever perpetrated was on a teller in a big downtown bank in New York, whose friends wanted him victimized.

Barnett approached the teller's window at a busy hour with a smirk and asked:

"Vill you cash a check for me, pleass?"

"On what bank?"

"On any bank; it makes no differunts, pleass."

The teller, believing that he had an ignorant foreigner to deal with, became pompously explanatory.

"Which bank is your money in?" he demanded patronizingly and helpfully.

"It iss not in any bank; I telephone my wife and she put it in. Cash me the check, pleass?"

For ten minutes the irritated bank official explained and argued. Finally, aggravated, he ordered Luke away from the window. Instantly the ingratiating manner changed and Luke shook his fist at the teller.

"I know vat's der matter vhy you vont cash my check," Barnett screamed in feigned rage. "You dond like Polish people; you dond like us."

"For Heaven's sake, shut up. I never said——"

"O! O!" howled Luke. "He called me——"

A policeman rushed in. Luke proceeded to explain that the teller had used profane and insulting language. The policeman, who understood the joke, shook his head and said to the teller:

"You should not use such language to patrons."

The other employés had to revive the teller, and when he learned he was the victim of a joke he offered Luke a generous amount if he would play a similar joke on a friend of his in another bank.

Barnett took a long chance at a Knights of Columbus event in Youngstown, Ohio. The main event of the evening was a boxing match between an Akron and a Youngstown boy. Luke pretended to be the Akron boy's manager and made a speech in Polish. He first miscalled the name of the Knights, apparently through ignorance. Then he praised his boxer and attributed the fighter's smartness to his own management. By that time the crowd was restless.

"He haf von hiss last five fights and lose but one decision," he proclaimed. "In efery fight vot he von I vas der referee; der one he loose, anoder man referee."

Having revealed himself as a poor sport, Barnett proceeded to argue that the future of his boy was so bright he refused to have it hurt and that he would referee himself, so as to take no chances. He took off his coat and prepared to officiate. Immediately the hall was in uproar. Luke, pretending to be angry, said if he did not referee he would take his boy and go home without fighting. The crowd was ready to throw him out when one of the conspirators asked the Akron boy to explain. The boy announced loudly that it made no difference to him who refereed, and he became a temporary hero.

Luke, waving his arms and yelling, denounced the boy and told him he would walk back to Akron. The police escorted him, still waiting, out of the hall, and when he came back after the match and was introduced in his true character the crowd laughed for half an hour over the joke, and a dozen confided to Barnett that "in half a minute they would have come after him."

IN DETROIT, during an Elks convention, the chief of police, who had seen Luke work, gave him a letter stating that whatever policeman arrested him should release him immediately. Barnett spent a week pestering policemen, and after goading them into arresting him he would produce the chief's card.

Barnett worked on Babe Ruth at a banquet until the Bambino leaped to his feet to hit him. Those some who were in on the plot grabbed Ruth and restrained Barnett, all the while trying to explain Ruth's prominence. Barnett, spluttering, replied, "Vell, if he canno hit better than he can sing he is rotten." And Babe, who was then appearing in vaudeville, collapsed.

One of the most successful bits of acting Barnett ever did was in a plot against a member of the Little Nellie Kelly Company, then playing Pittsburgh.

There was a big reception and

"Der wrong fork, pleass."

buffet dinner on the stage, as George M. Cohan was visiting the company. Barnett's intended victim was one of the players, who was noted for his appetite. Luke, bustling around in his character of an aggressive head waiter, ordered the guests in line to pass the buffet tables, pushing his victim far back in the line. When the man reached the table where he was next to be waited upon Luke dragged him out of the line, demanding to know what was his object in crowding in ahead of others. The actor, ruffled, but still polite, denied he had been rude, but Luke spluttered, pulled back his fist, and said, "Don'd you call me that!"

The actor, embarrassed and angry, was shunted back to the end of the line, and, still glaring at Luke, moved slowly toward the tables loaded with delicacies, and when his turn was next Luke shouted:

"No more vill be served until ve make more sandwiches."

The actor raved and stormed, and, in fact, did not cool off even after the joke was explained.

"ALWAYS put the other fellow in the wrong," Barnett says. "It is the only system of winning an argument. Misunderstand purposely, get mad and accuse him of insulting you, then refuse to listen to any explanation, and any man will get wild, and if he was right at the start will get wrong."

Barnett worked that system on Fred Landis, orator and brother of former Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, at a banquet in Benton Harbor, Michigan. Landis, an excellent speaker, had delivered a speech on Americanization, when Luke, who was to follow Landis, leaped to his feet and, spluttering broken English, launched into an impassioned plea for protection from insults from speakers. Mr. Landis eventually enjoyed the joke more than anyone else present.

Perhaps the greatest and most sustained effort on the part of Barnett was in keeping up the joke for twenty days on a party of millionaires in a summer camp without being suspected, and keeping first one then another on the verge of fighting.

A. A. Corey and his brother, William Ellis Corey, who married Mabelle Gilman, are great friends of Barnett, and they persuaded him to join a party at their big summer camp near Iron Mountain, Michigan. There were twelve others in the party, all wealthy and prominent men, including Colonel "Joe" Thompson, wealthy mining and oil man.

Barnett acted as handy man, waiter, and everything else around the camp, and for twenty days growled and muttered under his breath, complaining against everything, misserving, constantly irritating the campers. Barnett pretended to steal their liquor, and whenever he got near Colonel Thompson he would mutter, "Dam rich men; some time I set fire to der camp in der night."

The Coreys were warned that they had a dangerous anarchist in the camp, but laughed.

One day Colonel Thompson went hunting and took Luke along to hold the horses. They rode six or seven miles into the woods, when the colonel dismounted and started after the game. In a few minutes he heard loud cries. Rushing back, Colonel Thompson found Luke wailing loudly and holding the horses, which he had led on opposite sides of a big tree. He was holding the bridles and pleading with the colonel for aid.

"You blanked fool, let go of one of them," shouted the irritated millionaire.

Luke immediately released one horse and surreptitiously started it running. The colonel fumed and swore at Barnett. Catching the other horse, he ordered Luke to pursue the free one. Luke headed it toward camp and chased it a mile. Finally he returned, weeping, but without the horse. The aggravated colonel ordered the return to camp. Luke was leading the horse, but after half a mile he stumbled and pretended the horse had stepped on his ankle and broken it. With much scolding, mingled with sympathy, the colonel helped Luke on the horse and led it gently. Luke howled and moaned all that weary six miles to camp. Then Ellis Corey from the porch called:

"Would a drink help you?"

AND Luke, leaping nimbly to the ground, ran for the drink, leaving the colonel frothing and staring.

It was not until the last dinner in camp that the Coreys exposed the trick and introduced Luke to the crowd, and each immediately commenced plotting with Luke to put it over on someone else.

It is a gay life—full of laughs—and, besides enjoying himself, Barnett makes enough money to worry a bit and wonder how it is possible to play a joke on the income tax.

THE END

GREATEST OF ALL-AROUND ATHLETES

HAROLD OSBORNE—former University of Illinois star, and now champion of champions among track athletes! And he won the title in the most searching competition known—the Olympic Decathlon, with its ten events of 100 meter, 400 meter, and 1500 meter sprints, high jump, broad jump, pole vault, shot put, javelin, discus, and 110 meter hurdle race! Entering this grueling competition at Colombes, France, on July 12, Osborne emerged a day later with a new world's record score of 7,710.775 points, and the unquestioned championship among athletes! Also he won the Olympic high jump and has set marks which probably will be a new world record for this event.

THE KING OF THE WORLD'S GOLFERS

CYRIL WALKER, the quiet "pro" of the Englewood Country Club of New Jersey, holds the American national open championship and the world title—for in winning on June 5th at the Oakland Hills Country Club, near Detroit, he defeated Bobby Jones, last year's title holder, and Walter Hagen, holder of the British open championship. Walker's victory was a marvel of consistent shooting. He shot his four rounds of eighteen holes each in 74, 74, 74, and 75. Bobby Jones led after the second round with totals of 74 and 73. But Bobby slipped to a 75, then a 78, making his total 300, as against Walker's 297. Walter Hagen and two others tied for third place with 303 apiece.

$1,000 A WEEK For TONGUE TWISTERS!

It's not too late to enter the most unique and interesting contest ever devised!—Open to everyone, everywhere!—Men, Women, Children!

Just Write a Simple Little Tongue Twister

and send it in. For each one published Liberty will pay $100

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

Cheap, cheat Chow cheats Chet's chief chef, while Chet's chief chef chats with cheap, cheat Chow. If Chet's chief chef chats with cheap, cheat Chow why should cheap, cheat Chow cheat Chet's chief chef?—Mrs. G. Delman, 3047 W. First St., Coney Island, New York.

Six soap chip shippers, shipping soap chips, never saw soap chip ships, so six skippers sailing soap chip ships showed six soap chip shippers six soap chip ships.—Al Hays, 534 Cleveland Ave., S. W., Canton, O.

Saul C. Shaw saws seesaws, but, pshaw! as Esau Shaw sees Saul C. Shaw saw seesaws, saucy Esau Shaw seesaws on seesaws Saul C. Shaw saws.—F. W. Dougherty, 526 E. 7th St., Erie, Pa.

Pat Plimp's plump pup likes plum pop. Put Pat Plimp's plum pop in pet's big box, and pat Pat Plimp's plump pup, but don't give Pat Plimp's plump pup a bit of Pat Plimp's plum pop.—Veda Group, Box 389, Sherman, Tex.

Battling before Brest, Bess Best's boat beat Byron Bryan's big brig badly.—Barton Cleland, 7442 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sly Sue shows shy Sis she sews shoes, so shy Sis shines sly Sue's shoe sign; since sly Sue's shoe sign shines so, sly Sue shows shy Sis so she sews shoes. So since shy Sis shows sly Sue she sews shoes so, sly Sue says she shall shine shy Sis' shoe sign.—N. T. Larsen, Y. M. C. A., Elgin.

Just Jess' Jest's just, for Just Jess' just Jest's just the just Jest with which Just Jess justly jests the unjust jester who, with unjust jests, jests Just Jess' guest.—William D. Crouch, 310 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Pat's pop picked Papa Pickens' pop's pretty pickles; Pat's pop picked Papa Pickens' pop's pretty pitless pickles; Pat's pop picked peckfuls of Papa Pickens' pop's pretty pitless pickles.—Sam R. Evans, 201 Garden St., Hoboken, N. J.

Sheehan shudderingly saw shifty Sue Shannon suddenly shoot shady Sandy Shaw.—Mrs. H. R. Malcolm, 660 Strathcona St., Winnipeg, Man., Can.

Just Judge Judd judged Jugs; Judge Judd jugged judged Jugs.—Phil Philippson, 675 14th St. Place, Des Moines, Ia.

THE RULES:

1. $1,000 a week in ten cash prizes of $100 each will be paid for the ten best Tongue Twisters accepted and published.
2. This offer is open to everyone except employes of LIBERTY; THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE; THE NEWS, New York's Picture Newspaper, and their families. It does not matter where you live.
3. Tongue Twisters must be written only on one side of the sheet of paper. Contestants may submit as many Tongue Twisters as they wish.
4. No manuscripts will be returned.
5. All entries must be mailed to Tongue Twisters, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

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LIMERICKS

too. So just to start the ball rolling Liberty will pay five dollars each week for the best line that somebody writes to complete the Limerick which will be printed on this page.

Here's This Week's Limerick:

They were spooning atop of a bus,
Sweet Mary and big, bashful Gus;
He whispered: "My dear,
Please lend me your ear,

. . . . . .

Write a line to end the Limerick, **and send it to LIMERICKS, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. (You don't have to use the form printed above unless you want to. You can copy the first four lines, and add the last one, on a separate sheet of paper.)**

If you like LIMERICKS real well and send in a lot of Answers, we may begin to pay $100 each for the best last lines published, and we may begin to print more Limericks.

$1,000 More for Tongue Twisters Next Week!

The Durable RACE

By GRANTLAND RICE

There's a Lesson for Everybody in This Article on the Finns, the Best Long Distance Runners in the World. People Fail Most Often in Emergencies. But for the Finns There Are No Emergencies. They Are Always Ready

Paavo Nurmi, greatest runner of all time.
International Photo

Grantland Rice, America's famous sporting writer, attended the Olympic Games and watched world's records crashing in almost every event. Rice has seen all the great sporting events of America in the last twenty years; has watched horses battling down the stretch at the finish of Derbies, Dempsey battering his way to fame, finishes of great crew races, thrilling moments of championship football games—yet he declares he never has experienced such thrills as came to him while watching the performances of the Finns who won athletic renown for themselves and their country at Paris.

Mr. Rice has written the story of the Three Finns, a story which every lover of sport should read.

TWO hours and a half had passed since the international field of fifty-eight Marathon runners from twenty-eight countries had swept through the open stadium gate at Colombes, near Paris, on the journey of twenty-six miles, three hundred and eighty-five yards, and the great crowd that had waited so long began to peer eagerly at the opening through which the victorious runner was to come.

When Oscar Albin Stenroos came circling through, running with a free and easy stride, still fresh and unwearied, the great shout of tribute that went up had in it no note of surprise. For the winner was wearing for a headgear the blue and white bandanna of Finland, and after what had taken place all through the week before nothing else could have been expected.

If anyone else but a Finn had won this longest of all Olympic journeys the shock would have been terrific and destiny would have been sadly out of joint. For the lion hearted Finns had proved all week that long distance routes were under their exclusive domain.

The first evidence of this had been turned in on the first day of the Olympic games when Willie Ritola, a Finn, had not only won the ten thousand meter race but had broken the old record by twelve seconds.

Since that epochal circling of the five hundred meter track, twenty times around, only the blue and white colors of the northland nation had shown in front and only the blue and white banner of Finland had been run up at the end of each race beyond the eight hundred meter spin. Paavo Nurmi, greatest of all runners since the beginning of time, had won the one thousand five hundred meter run, the five thousand meter run, and the ten thousand meter cross country.

So when Stenroos came striding along six minutes in front of the big field over the long route through six French villages the Finns had won every running race from the one thousand five hundred meter to the Marathon, from something just under a mile to the twenty-six mile march.

Back of the Scenes

ANY small nation that can present a Nurmi, Ritola, Stenroos, Katz, Seppalo, and others must have some system of diet and training worth looking into.

Paavo Nurmi had part of the answer.

"We live simply," said the paper hanger of Helsingfors through an interpreter, "and we train hard. We are supposed to live mainly upon black bread and dried fish. Our diet goes much beyond that. I eat chicken, fish, many vegetables, hard black bread, and I drink much milk. I eat very little red meat. Some of our men have red meat three times a week, but I don't take it that often. Chicken, vegetables, fruit, milk, and nutritious bread make up most of my diet.

"I do not take alcohol in any form and I do not use tobacco in any way. I drink some tea, but no coffee. I believe chicken and fish are the best of training dishes. We have almost no alcoholic drinks in Finland, where prohibition is real."

Stenroos winning the 1924 Marathon at Paris.
International Photo

Willie Ritola, winner of 10,000 meter run at Paris Olympics.
International Photo

Finn Bread

SHORTLY afterward we got our first look at a collection of Finnish bread. At first we thought it was a discus.

The bread is dark brown, almost black in color. Each loaf is about twelve inches in diameter, slightly larger than a plate. It is a little less than half an inch in thickness and would make a wonderful weapon of defense. Among the ingredients which go into this bread are dried fish, fruit, and whole wheat, each piece of bread being a fair meal without any other aids or dishes. Nurmi eats two of these each night before retiring, in addition to eating his share through the day.

After attempting to take one bite of this soul building layout we decided on the spot that this bread could only be eaten where men are men and teeth are teeth.

There was no waste food on the Finnish menu—no food not meant strictly for business, the business of building up the body.

After looking over this diet of simple,

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

health giving food one of the reasons for Finnish endurance and strength could be found without further search.

BUT the real story of Nurmi, Ritola, Kohlemainen, Stenroos, etc., goes back to Finland itself. The Finns as a nation have patience, determination, and a great love of sport.

"Automobiles are scarce," said Nurmi, "and our means of transportation comparatively few. We lead simple lives.

"In addition to running long distances I believe in a great deal of walking. So do the others. We think nothing of fifteen or twenty mile walks for a visit or for exercise. Taxicabs are quicker, but they are not so good for the legs and lungs."

There are days when Nurmi runs for four or five hours at a clip. There are days when he runs well beyond the Marathon route of twenty-six miles. A twenty or a thirty mile walk for him is a mere stroll. The same is true for Ritola, Stenroos, and for Kohlemainen in other years when the famous Hannes was the Nurmi of his day and time.

There were thousands who marveled that one man could win a one thousand five hundred meter and a three thousand meter race in the same afternoon where no other runner had ever before attempted any such feat.

Yet what are these distances to a man who day after day is willing to run from thirty to forty miles where a mile soon seems little more than a hundred yard dash?

And this training is not a matter of days, weeks, or months. With the Finns it is a question of years, a matter of daily existence. It is part of their life.

Hannes Kohlemainen won three long distance races in 1912, setting an Olympic record that Nurmi alone was able to break. Eight years later, at Antwerp, Kohlemainen won the Marathon, setting a new record. Kohlemainen continued his hard training for the better part of those eight years, just as Nurmi has been in condition for almost as long, since he is now nearly twenty-eight years old.

It is not a matter of getting into condition with the Finns for some big event and then breaking training. They are always in condition, so they are never stale from any sudden rush of work. They rarely attempt to come to any peak of form, which has been called "the brief interval between getting ready and going stale."

And between races, long distance races, in place of resting and conserving their strength they were taking long walks and runs daily, but always after a good night's rest. Twilight had barely slipped into darkness before most of the Finns were turning in for the night. A long, healthy sleep was joined with a simple, healthy diet to set them right.

Here is another feature of their training which is worth mention. They had but one trainer, Mikkola, and practically no rubbers. They do not believe in much massaging and rubbing, even after hard work.

They take vapor baths, followed by cold showers and a rough towel, but no hot baths are allowed. The cold bath is the tonic they look for. This slight use of rubbers is almost directly contrary to the standard system of training. Jack Dempsey, for example, uses a rubber constantly, who massages every part of his body, from ankle to neck.

NURMI, the main hero of all Olympic games, emperor of the eighth Olympiad, is extremely modest and in no sense temperamental. He had perfected the art of running, of eliminating all waste body, leg, and arm motion to a remarkable degree where his habit of timing himself at the end of each lap through every race showed to what a fine point he had drawn the mechanical end of his work.

Ritola, who next to Nurmi was the individual star, trained much as Nurmi trained. Long runs, long walks, simple food, plenty of sleep, and a life in the open. Ritola after long runs would go on a wood chopping turn for an hour or two each day to build up his entire system. If Nurmi had been absent Ritola also would have won four first places, for Nurmi alone beat him in two events. And this was mainly a matter of Nurmi's greater speed, rather than Nurmi's greater endurance.

Stenroos, the Marathon winner, was typical of Finland ways. The sewing machine salesman had broken a leg in the Olympic games of 1920 and had been considered forever out of any rugged competition. But, once the break was adjusted, Stenroos again began to work back into shape. He was thirty-three years old when the accident occurred, so he had none of the quick healing qualities of youth to work with. But at the age of thirty-seven he was ready again for the Marathon route.

It was no freak of fortune that won nine firsts for Finland at Antwerp in 1920 and eleven firsts at Paris in 1924.

They are the most durable of all the clans from all the nations and from the meager picture painted you can understand why this is so.

If the Finns ever take up fighting seriously some of the present collection of fragile ring bric-à-brac had better stand from under. Those boys are not toe dancers.

THE END

Second of a Brilliant Series of Short Stories, Each One Complete in Itself, Which Began in a Previous Issue of Liberty Under the General Title of Mad Anthony

THE LION

In Which Young Anthony Wins a Football Game and Favor in the Eyes of a Certain Young Lady Under the Redoubtable Leadership of His Helpful Familiar, the Shade of Mad Anthony Wayne.

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Pictures by W. B. KING

He sat down on the steps of the kitchen porch.

MAD Anthony made Anthony play football on the college team. He did not want to; the game terrified him. It was intimation of dismemberment and a subsequent collocation of various parts recaptured in treetops. Nevertheless he played.

Anthony could not be kept off the team, although it had seemed ridiculous that he should be allowed on it. The coach and the other players were afraid for him. He invited a casualty; he was so slight.

His work with the second eleven, which was hard to recruit, was so desperate and effective that he won his place as quarterback on the first in spite of the general belief that he should not be allowed to play at all, and no one knew what apprehensions he had before he got into his padded harness except Mad Anthony, who always had a hand on young Anthony's shoulder.

Anthony on the field was a transformed being. No one could understand it because no one except Mad Anthony, and later, Agnes, understood Anthony.

When Anthony ran out on the field in his padded suit he was a ragged Continental. He was at Valley Forge or he was crossing the Delaware. He was charging up Stony Point with Mad Anthony or he was tightening his grip on a rifle before a redoubt at Yorktown. In that was the simple explanation of what the coach and the other players found inexplicable.

The seemingly frail boy was wiry and all he needed was Mad Anthony, but to people who did not know Mad Anthony the boy running back to get under a punt, tuck the ball in the crook of his arm and snake forward with it, eluding massive bulks and diving lunges, was a flashing spark not at all explainable. His mother knew he played football, but she did not know what it was.

It took Agnes just two days after her return home to find out that Anthony played, and on the third day when he came out for practice in the late afternoon, she was on the field. She had driven out in her pony phaeton.

"Hullo," she said as he passed by. He was astonished and stopped as the other players ran on.

"I heard you played," she said. "You're little to play, aren't you? I wanted to see you."

Anthony did not say anything, but ran on after his teammates. He was confused and embarrassed. He missed two tackles before he could forget that a girl had come out to see him play.

After practice Agnes was waiting for him.

"I like the way you play," she said. "You play hard. When you are dressed I'll drive you home."

ANTHONY went on into the dressing room. He was abashed, not sullen, but he was resolved. He would not ride home with Agnes. He had forgotten that trials take many forms. Mad Anthony was waiting for him. The old general was smiling and flicking snuff from his laces. He hummed a little air, much out of tune.

"A soldier must remember," he said, "that courtesy and chivalry are particularly required of him. There are in his noble profession elements which need these refinements and least of all may a soldier neglect them."

Anthony's glance at the general was pathetic, but he replied: "Yes, sir." Mad Anthony, with another smile, disappeared. Anthony tried not to dress more slowly than the others, but he did, and only two boys saw

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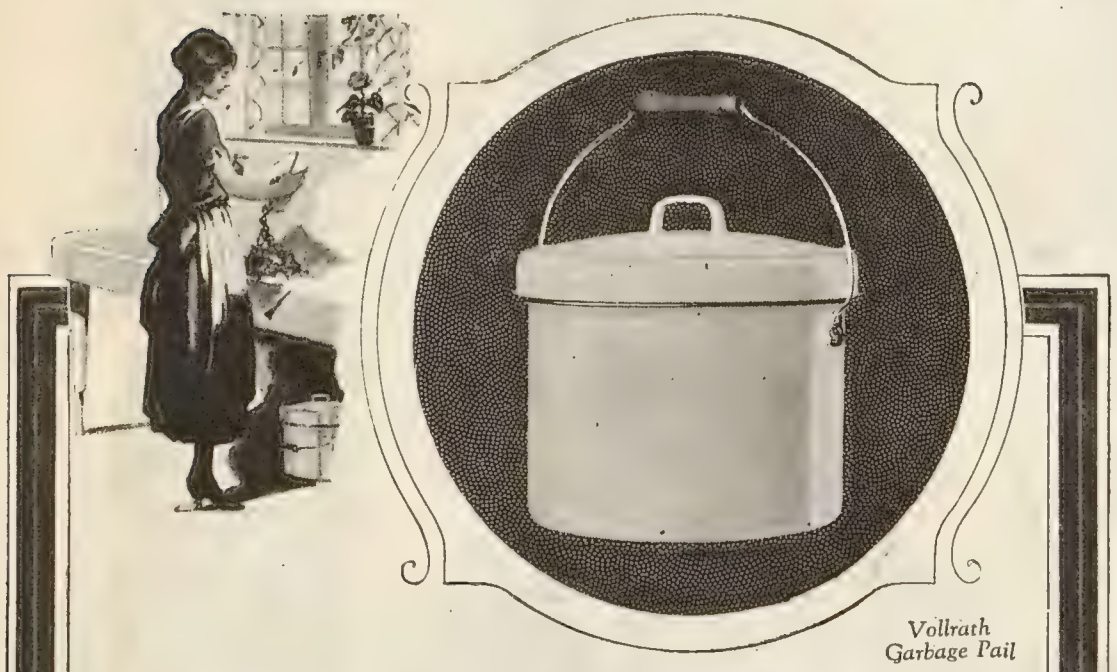
Handle These Tasks the Sanitary Way



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

him get into Agnes' phaeton and drive home behind her pony.

"Ever going to the cemetery again?" she asked.

"Not if I know myself," he said.

Anthony felt more at ease than he had dared hope he would be. After all she was not a real girl, just a little one he had played with as a child. He forgot she could talk French.

"Let's take a walk somewhere else tonight. I like adventure. Don't you?"

"Yes and no," Anthony said.

"O, we both like adventure," said Agnes. "We're going to be good friends, aren't we?"

"Maybe," replied Anthony, smiling, "but I can't take walks at night."

"Anyway," she said as she let him out at his curb, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Agnes was at practice the following day and ran along the side lines, following the play. Anthony felt as if he never escaped her eager, interested eyes, and he had to charge the top of Stony Point all during practice to keep from fumbling and missing tackles.

Before either Mad Anthony or Agnes could get him for another ride home he had an escape planned.

"I've got to run home, for my wind," he said when the little girl hailed him.

"That's all right," she said. "I want you to be the best player. See you tomorrow."

Then Anthony felt ashamed of himself. He had not been on the square with a square little girl. Mad Anthony did not come near him. Maybe the old general was chuckling. What Anthony did not need was more running, but he could not be guilty of any more cheating. Thereafter he ran home after practice, which Agnes accepted as a Spartan necessity. But after a Saturday afternoon game on the home grounds he could not escape. It was too much to think that a boy who had been through a football game should run home.

LATER in the season Anthony wrenched his ankle, the day before a game. The coach bound the ankle and told him to humor it a little, use it lightly, and he would get through all right. He was trying not to limp when he entered the house. Mad Anthony said a man was never hurt, but might be incapacitated. Anthony knew he was not incapacitated.

"Agnes Holt came to see me today," his mother said. "She found me washing dishes and she would help. She almost embarrassed me, but you couldn't be embarrassed. She wouldn't let you be and yet she had her own way."

"Goodness, Mother," said Anthony, "what in the world did she want here?"

"I guess she came over to dry the dishes and to ask what you had for dinner."

Anthony's hurt ankle almost gave way under him.

"What do you do in football, Anthony?" his mother asked.

"Just play," Anthony answered, with misgivings.

"Agnes seemed to think you ought to have a lot of care taken of you. She said French cooking would be bad for you, and you oughtn't to have rich sauces and such things. She said you ought not to have fried things. Rare roast beef, she said. I never listened to such a solemn, funny little girl. I suppose that's what comes of sending her to France. Or maybe it's just Mr. Holt again. But I never knew a nicer little girl, and all the time she was talking she was wiping the dishes."

"Well, I never did!" Anthony exclaimed. He was lost in prospects and possibilities. He did not know the worst, but it came.

"She says I ought to see you play football," said his mother.

"O, no," said Anthony.

"She's going to drive her phaeton around tomorrow afternoon," continued his mother, "and take me out to the game. She says you're playing some college. I don't know what she said. Maybe it was Otterbein or maybe it was Oberlin. She's such a nice little girl that I said I'd go, and I did intend to make mincemeat tomorrow."

"Don't go," Anthony urged. "Make mincemeat, Mother."

"I don't see children play so much any more," said his mother. "Maybe it would do me good. It will be a nice drive, anyway."

ANTHONY'S eyes were full of fear. If his mother saw him in a game she and Mad Anthony would have something to settle.

"I don't think you'll like it, Mother," he said. "It's kind of stupid."

"But I'll like the ride," she said.

What in the world did Agnes mean, Anthony wondered. Evidently she didn't know mothers. Her own was different. Her mother might see him, if he were her son, carried off on a shutter if he and the shutter came together in the course of something which was good for him to do. She would smile even if she was trembling.

That was one kind of a mother. Anthony knew that his, wonderful as she was, did not have any such ideas regarding her son. Just one hard tackle and there would be outcry and action in the stands.

After supper Anthony said he was going out and went to Agnes' home and walked up and down the sidewalk, hoping she would come out. It was out of the question for him to go to the door. He

Agnes ran out on the field. When Anthony opened his eyes, Agnes was kneeling beside him and his teammates were grinning.

must loiter about on his lame ankle, trusting to luck.

Presently there was a light in Agnes' windows. He went up on the lawn and whistled, several times, and a window was opened.

"O, Agnes," he called.

"Yoo hoo, Anthony. Want me to come down?"

"No, I got to get back."

"How's your ankle?"

"It's all right. Say, look here, Agnes, don't take my mother to the game tomorrow."

"Why not?" asked Agnes.

"She'll make me quit playing."

"No, she won't. She'll be proud. She ought to see you. That's why I asked her to go."

"She'll be scared to death, Agnes, honest."

"No. she wont. Aren't you funny! Any woman likes to see a man doing brave things."

"I tell you she'll have a fit."

"I've invited her," Agnes explained.

"Just take her for a ride."

"And miss the game?"

"Take her for a ride before the game. You're going to get me in an awful fix."

"Go home and bind your ankle with tape and don't worry about your mother. You don't know anything about mothers."

She closed the window. Anthony went home

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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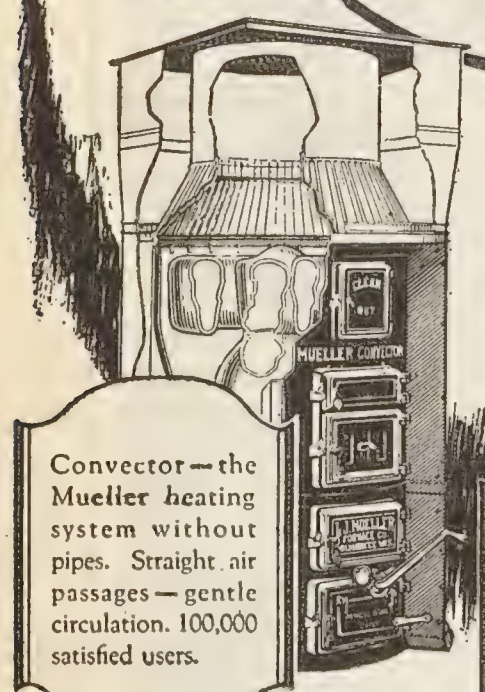

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

dejected, with his hands in his pockets.

"Damme," said Mad Anthony. "We're in a fix." He knew and he also was moody. "But," he added, "the girl is wonderful."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

WHEN Anthony in his padded football suit trotted out on the field his mother was ample, animated, and chatty, with Agnes in the stand. It was a glorious misty November afternoon.

"The young people do have such good times," said Anthony's mother, a little excited and keenly alive. She really spoke to herself. "It's nice to be young. We all are once. Anthony said this would be stupid. I think it's nice to see them kick the ball about and run. Of course I don't understand it. Is Anthony's team winning?"

"They haven't begun to play."

"I'm glad you brought me out, Agnes. I think it will do me good."

There had been a great deal of shouting. Now there was silence. The team snapped into line. There was a roar of sound from the partisans and then again silence.

For a half hour Mrs. Wayne was too aghast to speak. She clutched at Agnes from time to time, also at herself, and gave utterance to subdued cries. It was the day of the flying wedge and the flying tackle—nothing for susceptible parents to see. Mrs. Wayne saw Anthony go into a wedge feet first with running leap, and, moaning, she clapped one hand to her eyes and the other to her heart.

When she took her hand from her eyes Anthony was on his feet and moving, but Mrs. Wayne continued to moan. She was sick and faint and wanted to stop everything she saw.

She would be a suffering mother just this once, but if ever that boy were home again she would know thereafter the nature of the children's games at which he played. When the second half began Mrs. Wayne closed her eyes, held her hand over her heart and was sick. She heard wild shouts and was afraid.

She was the slave mother of a Cymric Celt. She sat in the top tier of the Colosseum. Far below was the purple, marble, and dark stained sand of Rome and her son, with net and trident, was running before a great Scythian.

She opened her eyes from time to time, fascinated but always horrified. She had suffered so much she felt numb and, although not knowing it, was near the end of her agony when a sound of peculiar import swept up from the crowd about her. In one tone it had frantic urgence. In another, dread and hope. It indicated something unusual. It forced Mrs. Wayne to open her eyes. Then Anthony made the tackle which won the game.

On defense Anthony as quarter played back and the full back, who was heavy, came up, which threw more weight into the line.

A giant back had broken through. He was r'aring on as a wild bull, with speed, weight, hope and determination. There was nothing between him and the winning goal but Anthony. In the fixed instant Anthony was as a gadfly in the way of the charging bull. The speedy, heavy back with the almost clear field seemed obliterating and unstoppable, a deadly thing to any living obstacle.

Anthony's mother saw the frail boy of her careful nourishing spring forward with a snaking, charging, twisting run, dive under the outstretched straight arm of the r'aring back with a sure tackle just above the knees and with his own body arching into the air. The fall of the wild bull could be heard all over the field. There was a massed rush of players, a piling up of legs, arms, trunks, and heads, seemingly unrelated any to another, a whistle and a gradual dissolvement of the picture, with two figures which did not get up from the ground. Mrs. Wayne, who saw Anthony dead before her eyes, arose and shrieked. Agnes pulled her down.

"Don't humiliate him," cried this astonishing little girl. "Be quiet. That's what he's there for. What did you want him to do? Be a coward and miss his tackle? Sit down. I'll go see how he is."

AGNES ran out on the field. When Anthony opened his eyes Agnes was kneeling beside him and his team mates were grinning. It was terrible. He was done for in every fashion. He knew his mother was having a fit. A girl was trying to nurse him. When he groggily got to his feet his team mates were cheering Agnes back to the stands from which his name was being called and called.

"You just win," said Agnes to the laughing, cheering players, as she went back to the limp Mrs. Wayne.

"He's all right," Agnes assured Mrs. Wayne. "Now watch him play."

"I can't," replied Mrs. Wayne. "I want him to come home. I didn't know he was doing this."

"I'm glad he is," said Agnes. "That's why I like him. He's brave. I guess I'm going to marry him." That declaration at another time might have startled or amused Mrs. Wayne, but it meant nothing to her now.

After the game Anthony disappeared. The haze had deepened into dusk. The field was overrun with his happy partisans seeking him for a triumph, but he disappeared in the dark mists, did not

go to the dressing room, but found a loose board at a far end of the field and went home in his dusty suit, swinging his grotesque nose guard.

He sat on the steps of the kitchen porch. The door was ajar. His mother was getting supper and talking to his father, who sat by the base-burner in the living room.

"And the things he was doing, Conrad," he heard his mother saying. "Well, I'm weak yet. You'd never believe it. It's a wonder they're not all dead. I'll know what he's doing after this."

Anthony rested his chin in his hand and swung his nose guard. He was done for.

"I'll see what he plays," his mother went on. "I'm so worried even now. He disappeared. Everybody was hunting for him. They were all yelling for him. Agnes was so excited I thought she'd drag me to pieces. She said he'd run away because he was a real hero and modest. I don't know. He may have a broken leg and be lying somewhere. I've just been thinking of that and I declare I'm worried to death."

It would never do to worry his mother any more, even if he was done for. Anthony got slowly to his feet and went inside. Both his mother and father were in the living room now. Anthony appeared before them, a dusty, drooping warrior.

"Well, there you are!" his mother exclaimed. "And what a sight! You may take those things off, young man, and burn them."

Anthony was a sheep caught in the briers.

"Put it on, Anthony," said his father, smiling.

"What?" Anthony asked.

"That," replied his father, pointing at the nose guard.

ANTHONY snapped the band over his head and gripped the mouthpiece with his teeth. Mrs. Wayne had not clearly seen her son in this monstrosity on the field.

"Anthony!" she cried. "My stars! Take it off. You're terrible."

He took it off.

"Did you win, Anthony?" his father asked.

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

"*He* won the game!" interrupted his mother. Mothers certainly were queer! She said that as if she were proud.

"Did you, Anthony?" asked his father.

"O, no," Anthony replied.

"He *did*," asserted his mother. "Everybody said so. I don't know how, but Agnes said he made the hardest tackle they ever saw, and if he'd missed it the game would have been lost."

"How about it, Anthony?"

"Well," explained Anthony, "the score was six to two and if they'd made a touchdown they might have won."

The father looked at the boy and Anthony's head drooped. He traced a pattern on the carpet with his toe.

"You may take them off now for supper," said his father, "but you needn't burn them. You'll probably need them next week."

Anthony started, but did not believe what he heard.

"Conrad!" his mother cried. "You're never going to let him!"

"Yes, Martha, I am, and so are you. I think I want him to be that kind of a boy."

There was a rap at the door. Anthony opened it. Dr. Holt's coachman was there with a long box which he handed to Anthony.

Mrs. Wayne cut the strings and took off the cover. The box was filled with great, long stemmed roses. There was a card:

"For Mrs. Wayne and Anthony from Agnes and Angus Holt."

"Well, Anthony," he said, "we were in a fix and have come out of it. I was worried. A mother, Anthony, is hard to combat. The maternal solicitude is wonderful, but with its embarrassments. The little girl, also wonderful."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Wayne.

After supper Anthony went out and leaned against the front picket fence. The hunter's moon was higher and the harvest flies sang more loudly and everything was brave and gay. It was a new, bold world.

A gallant coach drawn by two milk white horses came out of the shadows of the street. A weather-beaten, war-worn face, under a floured peruke and a three-cornered hat, was framed in the coach window.

"Damme, Trim," said Mad Anthony, "this is the place. Where are you going, Trim? Don't you ever learn, Trim?"

The coachman stopped the horses and Corporal Trim alighted from the box and went to the coach door. Corporal Trim was in blue and buff. He had a wooden leg and a patched eye.

"Yes, Your Honor," replied Corporal Trim. "I am very stupid."

"You are not stupid, Trim," said Mad Anthony. "Don't malign yourself. What I meant to say was that this was the place."

Mad Anthony alighted, very gay in his laces and satins and broadcloth and silver buckles.

"Well, Anthony," he said, "we were in a fix and have come out of it. I was worried. A mother, Anthony, is hard to combat. The maternal solicitude is wonderful but with its embarrassments. The little girl, also wonderful."

"Yes, sir," assented Anthony, but held a reservation that it was Agnes who also made his trouble.

"You will find," said Mad Anthony, taking snuff and flecking his laces with his handkerchief, "that fortune favors the brave, until you meet the lion, as all must. Hark!"

He and Anthony and Corporal Trim listened. Far away up the street was a growing sound.

"You ran away from them, but they are coming for you," said Mad Anthony with a smile. "My congratulations, Anthony. Trim, to the coffee house to meet General Washington."

"Yes, Your Honor," said Corporal Trim.

Mad Anthony re-entered the coach. Corporal Trim swung up on the box with astonishing agility, considering his wooden leg. The whip cracked. The white horses sprang forward. The coach disappeared into the hunter's moon.

Now close by the street was filled with marchers and they were shouting with every step: "Wayne! Wayne!! Wayne!!!"

Now, having become the Lion on the football field, Anthony finds himself thrust into new terrors by his crotchety familiar, General Mad Anthony Wayne—public speaking, parties, and other trials. You'll be astonished by the weird turn of affairs—which brings him through in triumph—The Rubicon, in an early issue of Liberty.

LABELING *THE* OFFSPRING

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Buster Rock . . . has his eyebrows tweezered and is one of the theater's most successful female impersonators.

WHY NAMES ARE AS THEY ARE

Mr. Davenport says:

Hero worship and religious fervor are responsible for the names some children must bear through life.

Men lean further toward the camaraderie denoted by the nickname than do women.

A man's substitute for the feminine "My Dear" is Izzy, Bill, or Benny.

Mothers no longer bedizen their offspring with names as they would dress a Christmas tree with tinsel. There are only a few Ethelberts and Grandifloras nowadays.

Seldom do parents agree upon a name for a child. Father secretly hopes for something rough, but mother usually wins.

There should be character in a name —the character of the possessor.

It might be a good thing to leave naming your children to their playmates, or to let the child pick his own name after he has grown old and experienced enough.

AND, by the way, what is your middle name and why do so many use just an initial?

Why Inflict on the Helpless Child

a Name That May Cause Him Endless Hours of Anguish? Aloysius May Grow Up a Prize Fighter. Leave It to Him to Pick His Handle, If You Want It Done Well. Or to the Boys of the Neighborhood.

Pictures by HAMILTON WILLIAMS

"A LOVELY baby," said Mr. Enders to Mrs. Plush. "How many does this make you?"

"She's my eighth, thank you, Mr. Enders."

"A delicious morsel. What's her name?"

"Lilac."

"Pardon?"

"Lilac—Lilac P. Plush. P is for Pilling, my maiden name."

"Lilac Pilling Plush," mused Mr. Enders. "A lovely, lovely child. How old is she?"

Mr. Enders wasn't at all interested in the age of little Lilac. He merely wished to change the topic. Mrs. Plush was a fine woman, a simple minded woman. The baby had arrived at lilac time and, when Mrs. Plush was able to be up, she sat by her bedroom window and the fragrance of the lilacs enveloped her. She was grateful for it, and to prove it she named the baby Lilac.

Mr. Plush had five bitter fights with the coarse men of the neighborhood soon after and a little later he left off taking the eight-fifteen to town because he got tired of being punched back. For a while he could hardly speak civilly to Mrs. Plush, but the dear woman didn't seem to realize that she had hurt his feelings when she named the baby.

Mr. Plush wanted the child named Sarah after his mother. He expected to lose his argument for Sarah and was reasonably willing to stand for any reasonable substitute. But Lilac——!

It isn't always thus, although seldom do parents agree upon a name for the child. If it's a boy, the father, although he hesitates to

admit it, secretly hopes for something rough, like Joe or Tom or Jim. Some handle for a guy to take hold of. But mother usually wins, although she's generally sport enough to strike a compromise between Wilfred and Mike.

The really honest thing to do is to allow the kid to pick his own name after he has grown old enough to have had a little experience handling names. Many families have tried this scheme and occasionally it has worked out well. The boy is called Son or Boy or Lad until he gets to the school age, where a name is demanded by the authorities. Then he picks his own name. Usually it is the ice man's or the village drunkard's—real guys.

The danger in naming the youngsters too soon is in that they may so easily grow up to belie their labels. Too often do our Faiths, Hopes, Charities, Mercies, and Prudences grow up to become bobbed-haired bandits and our Fleurettas, Jasmines, Alyses, Pansies, and Goldies take to teaching biology and fighting for the presidency of the Lucy Stone League. With sadness we recall Percy La Tourette Flower, who was the soprano soloist in St. Ephriam's Episcopal Church back home.

Percy Flower, in his cassock and cotta of a Sunday morning, had Murillo's cherubim obscurely situated in the bootblack class. He had long golden curls and there was a celestial waftiness about his pure little personality. And only the other day Percy embarked upon his sixth trip to the county jail, convicted of his sixth assault and battery upon members of the police force.

And what of that Sunday school hating, window busting, curfew defying son of Hank Rock? Buster Rock, we used to call him. With our handkerchief pressed decently against our eyes we let it be known that we saw Buster Rock a few weeks ago. He has had his eyebrows tweezered and is one of the theater's most successful female impersonators.

PERHAPS there is a satisfactory explanation for the names pugilists operate under. There is Willie Buffem, for example. Offhand you'd expect Willie Buffem to defy the world at Jenkins-up or commercially be the swiftest haberdashery clerk this side of the grave. Instead, stripped for action in the prize-ring, Willie resembles a specimen of unexplored jungle, and when his victims wake up they hasten to the management to complain about the throwing of two-story brick buildings.

Then there is Franky Goodman, the welterweight, who doesn't care what part of his opponent is broken so long as it stays broken. And Pauly Dooley, a gentle soul, who, chagrined by his failure to fracture the skull of an adversary pugilist inside of ten rounds, followed his durable enemy home and there bashed the entire family, after which he set fire to the house. *Pauly Dooley!*

There should be character in a man's or a woman's name—the character of the possessor. It might be a very good thing to leave naming your children to their playmates. There is nothing so incisive, so direct, so vivid, so utterly fitting as the name you received—the nickname—from the kids you played with.

There was Boo-boo, a pulpy, inert, apprehensive lump of boy who——. But isn't the name Boo-boo enough? Then we had Heck, Scab, Fat, Red, Gimp, Butch, Dutch, Critter, Fish, Skinny, Slats, Ticker, Noisy, Dolly, Yank, Buck, Doggie, Choo-choo, Dusty, Bull, Floppy, Goody, Beany, Crazy, Yaller, Slob, Dinky, Monkey, Bunny, and the like. And each name fitted the boy who bore it. No vote was required to equip a lad with his nickname. No council deliberated over who should be Ticker and who Beany. The character, or at least the most prominent characteristic, drew the appelation or invented it.

Deftly, swiftly, unerringly, and often cruelly boys will name boys and in ninety-nine cases in a hundred the monicker thus acquired will fit as neatly as Annette Kellermann's swimming suit.

As fashions in dress have changed, so have the names we bestow upon our young. The Clara Vere de Veres and the Lionel Montmorencies of Victorian literature have fled before merely Marys and Felix Fays. Where mothers of the Tennysonian era were wont to bedizen their offspring with names as they would dress the Christmas tree with tinsel, today we let them off with no more unusual punishment than Charles, Kenneth, Roy, Arthur, Michael, June, Prudence, Dorothy, Grace, Judith, and Helen, with a few Montys, Ethelberts, Agrippinas, and Grandifloras thrown in out of respect to our ancestors.

Naturally men lean further toward the camaraderie denoted by the nickname than women, who, as a sex, are less cohesive than the male. A man might call another man Tabby and love him, but when a woman applies the name to another woman you may take the word of the world for it that she is not lavishing affection.

Hero worship is responsible for some of the names our children must bear. The Civil War crop of Abraham Lincoln Smiths was probably as large as the 1898 harvest of George Dewey Joneses and the 1918 inundation of Woodrow Wilson Browns.

This is one of the discussions one might carry on indefinitely. There are the names inspired by religion and religious fervor. We know, for example, of a colossal member of the Dorcas Society of the Mount Hebron African Methodist Episcopal Church who, in a sublime moment, named her twelfth girl Heavenly. The family name was Holm.

So, hearing no dissenting voice, we stop here.

THE END

Each name fitted the boy who wore it. No vote was required to equip a lad with his nickname.

WHAT MAKES A MATINEE IDOL

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Pictures by EDNA DITZLE

Does Barrymore unconsciously touch the spring of some suppressed desire in the heart of every woman?

I SAID to one of the best known theatrical producers in New York recently that I would like to meet John Barrymore.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I think he's the greatest actor in this country."

"That's not the reason at all. You women are all alike. Not because he's the greatest actor but because he's the greatest matinée idol this country has ever known and you're all crazy about him."

Well, of course . . . Sometime later at a bridge party I asked a group of twelve players:

"Who is your favorite actor?"

Eight immediately replied, "John Barrymore." Three thought and finally decided on John Barrymore. The twelfth was too modest to make known her favorite. I had always suspected I might not be alone in my preference, but I had never imagined the odds against all other actors were so heavy. If we had been trying John Barrymore on the charge of being the most popular actor in the country he would have been unanimously convicted.

What makes John Barrymore what is slushily called the Matinée Idol of America? I decided there were several ways in which I might find out. By asking myself why I liked him, by asking other persons why they did, and by asking John Barrymore himself. I tried them all.

I asked my friend, the producer of many recent hits on Broadway.

"It's the profile," he replied with a conviction perhaps not untinged with envy. Profiles and managerial distinction are seldom handed out by the gods in the same envelope.

"O, he's so *adorable*," or "he's so cute"—there are girls who would be absolutely speechless if you struck one pet adjective from their vocabularies—"he's so romantic," "he makes love so gorgeously," "he looks so divine on the stage," or "he gives me a thrill." One, more specific, liked his hands. And several mentioned the profile.

It seemed fairly divided between those felt an appeal, to them indefinable, but they put down to the attraction of some ph aspect of the man—his gestures, his voic much mentioned profile; and those to wh made an appeal through their imagination

I think the answer is that Barrymore threefold attraction—he satisfies you me appeals to your sense of the physically bea and at the same time, by his ardent and flights, sets on fire the combustible mate your own dreams.

A BUSINESS woman given to analyzi reactions and not merely bunching under some all embracing adjective like " or "thrilling" said:

"The reason I get so enthusiastic over more's profile is because it's not merely outline. It has the power of expressing an gesting. In the old Believe-Me-Xanthipp it suggested a fascinating, devil-may-ca

Everybody Loves Him---Girls Cry and Fight Over Him---He Personifies Romance and Love---He Is Prince Charming and Sir Galahad. Who? Why, John Barrymore, the Matinee Idol par Excellence, of Course!

ity. In Redemption and The Jest, well—I nt into ecstacies over that luminous, decadent file. And in Hamlet there is something so ritual about the outline of his face that I feel exalted when I merely look at him."

Another volunteered that she went to see The t four times, and each time Barrymore's emaking made her catch her breath and lean ward, and say, "That's the way I'd like to be de love to once before I die."

s that perhaps the secret? Does Barrymore consciously touch the spring of some suppssed desire in the heart of every woman?

One young matron confessed that she had e written a little note to him but he had not wered it. All the girls, she said, used to send notes—yes, and flowers, too, and hang und the stage door to see him come out.

That led us into a discussion of why women ite to an actor.

'Did you hope he would answer you?"

No, one woman said, she had not.

'Didn't you know you were only one of hunds writing him?"

The letter writer admitted that she did. But gave her a certain satisfaction to write, anyy. A psychologist who was present explained n this way:

'It affords them some relief to express themves. They see an actor—and they respond the emotions he creates by his artistic delineation of the character he portrays. Another thing writing does is prolong and make them relive the emotion they felt. And, thirdly, it crystallizes and brings nearer the image of the idealized one.

"They can think of him receiving the letter—opening it—reading it—perhaps (just perhaps) wondering—dreaming about the unknown writer even as she wonders and dreams about him." (After all, the world is full of girls who do not believe in fairies, but who do believe in Cinderella.)

"Even if there is no actual contact with the stage idol—there is new life to the contact with his image. Instead of being a vague dream creature, he can, for a little while, be brought into the actual world of things known to the writer by her visualization of him going through the definite act of reading that letter. If they may not meet in the flesh, for an instant their spirits will meet over the entrance of her thought into his mind. Or at least the enamored one can go over and over in her mind the delightful details of such a meeting."

BUT the woman who held the floor and our attention was the one who had been a member of one of Barrymore's companies in the days when he was Jack—not John. He was her favorite actor, too. One of the remarkable things about Barrymore is that he is the actor's favorite actor as well as the matinée girl's.

"Why, his dressing room used to be filled with notes and flowers," she said. "Everybody loved him then—he was such an engaging rascal. You know he started out to be a cartoonist. Made up his mind he wouldn't go on the stage like the rest of his family. He often said that was the happiest time of his life—while he was an artist. He loved the Bohemian life—the atmosphere—the company of older, brilliant men. But he couldn't make it pay.

"Occasionally he used to appear in a show with his father, or his sister Ethel. But he never could be depended upon. He'd play all sorts of pranks—forget his lines, and make them up as he went along, not caring what he did to the rest of the company! However, his few ventures as an actor finally convinced him that he could draw better on the stage than for a living. So he gave up all thoughts of being an artist and settled on acting for a career.

"'Settled' isn't exactly the right word. He still retained a good many of his Bohemian habits. It was no unusual thing, when the curtain was about to rise, to send out and page Jack at some of his favorite haunts."

"And was he terribly popular with women then?" one sweet young thing asked.

"*Was* he? My dear, he was always being reported engaged to somebody—his leading lady, or some other actress, or a society girl—a dozen different ones a season. Don't you remember during the run of The Fortune Hunter the Shuberts took out a Lloyds policy for fifty thousand dollars against his marrying? That shows whether he was popular or not! Married, he might still have been a good comedian. But he might not have been such a drawing card at the box office. Because it's the women who decide the success of any star."

"But he did marry at about that time, didn't he?" somebody asked.

"He certainly did, and it cost Lloyds fifty thousand dollars. He became engaged to a society girl—Katherine Harris. Her father opposed the engagement and sent her abroad to forget all about it. But her mother thought the Barrymores were good enough to marry into any family—even one connected with the Harrimans. And she encouraged her daughter to come back and marry the man she loved. Jack and his bride were in all the papers. And so was the row between her parents, which finally wound up in court."

"Were they married long?"

"O, about seven years. Then she obtained a divorce for desertion."

Barrymore has a rather forceful way at times. A scenery shifter had some trouble with Barrymore, who promptly knocked down the stage hand. His fellow workers went out in sympathy and refused to work until Barrymore apologized. There was a likelihood of the play being held up indefinitely.

Finally there were signs of yielding, and the scenery shifters gathered with the expectation of hearing Barrymore apologize. The actor appeared, and amid a theatrical setting Barrymore stepped up to the scenery shifter and, without further ado, promptly knocked him down again. That settled the scenery shifting problem. Action and realism and a strong right arm saved the day and the play.

BARRYMORE'S first serious rôle was in Galsworthy's Justice. He seemed with the change from comic to serious work to undergo a corresponding change in character. He began to find a new respect for himself and for the theater, which can be definitely traced through the increasingly important rôles of Peter Ibbetson, Fedya, Gianetto, Richard III., and finally Hamlet.

This change seems to have affected the very appearance of the actor. Not only has his expression altered, but he seems to have grown taller—although that may only mean that he stands up straight. But, most important of all, he has acquired a voice. In the old days his speech was common, his voice dry and monotonous. Now it is rich, full, and flexible, and capable of heights of imaginative beauty and depths of passion and melancholy unattainable by other actors of our time.

No other actor today has a temperament so fine and spiritual, an art so flexible and sure.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A growing frequency of blackheads and blemishes—
A slight coarsening of texture—
An oiliness that demands every day more and more powder—

Evidence of what daily life is draining from your skin

NO MATTER how clear or lovely your complexion may be, it needs constant and proper care to offset the ravaging effect of harsh, dry winds, of dust and soot, and the general conditions of modern life. A skin unprotected against these elements or subjected to indiscriminate treatment sooner or later gives evidence of the fact—blackheads, oiliness, sallowness and a coarsening of the texture result.

To preserve a good complexion

and keep the skin healthy, thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap. First, because it gives perfect cleansing—searching the depths of each tiny pore without removing the natural oil so necessary to keep the skin soft and smooth. It quickens the circulation in the thousands of tiny blood vessels that nourish the skin and it builds a real resistance to germ development.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and give it the whole responsibility of keeping your skin clear, smooth and lovely.

Should blemishes appear

apply a touch of Resinol Ointment, after bathing with Resinol Soap, and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes, but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days.

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Dept. 8-H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.
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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

From a matinée idol he became a cult—then the object of an enthusiasm so general that he is everywhere acknowledged to be America's foremost actor, enjoying the unparalleled distinction of being at one and the same time the favorite of the critics, the white headed boy of his own profession and the darling of the general public—not to mention the idol of the matinée girls.

Which last Barrymore himself emphatically denies. He is personally retiring and modest to a degree which makes the task of the interviewer no light one, even after she manages to work her way into the almost impenetrable fastness of the dressing room.

This dressing room in the Manhattan Opera House in New York City bore no signs of the matinée idol—no flowers, photographs, telegrams, notes. Outside were no beautiful young girls hanging about for a glimpse of their idol.

BARRYMORE, lines of fatigue about his eyes, was still in the black costume of Hamlet. Two large and cape-like black garments sprawled like giant butterflies against the wall. On the dressing table were evident only the perquisites of make-up and a large tank of what appeared to be oxygen, such as many theatrical folk inhale when exhausted.

The editor of a large group of magazines is permitted five minutes. A group of young leading lights of three Broadway successes (playing Wednesday matinées) wait to offer a word of greeting and congratulation. They discuss one of the largest audiences ever seen in the legitimate theater for a weekday matinée—at that moment surging out into the street. An appreciative enough audience, but on the whole noisy and stupid. The beautiful young co-star of one of the most successful farces of the season is particularly wrought up over program rattlers, candy eaters, and early leaving commuters who all but ruined the afternoon for her.

"Damn all audiences, anyway," she is saying as the faithful and smiling guardian of the sacred portal opens the door, and Barrymore, looking drawn and spent under the merciless glare of his dressing room lights, but in good humor, comes out to shake hands, laugh, and chat. We are told we may not stay long. He must, in addition to having his supper served to him, snatch a little rest before the evening performance. Tired he may have been, but not for an instant at a loss for a ready comeback to anything said to him.

Asked how it felt to be the hero of so many dreams, Barrymore replied:

"Rot! I work in the theater to earn a living for my wife and baby."

That is the way the foremost actor in America feels about being the most popular idol the American stage has ever known.

Barrymore resents being interviewed on matters relating to his private life. He doesn't feel that his personality and his personal affairs belong to the public. He is quoted as having once said:

"I want always to play character parts—the more wigs the better. I feel very bald and a little naked in my own face. I am self-conscious. But let me have the look of somebody else and I can put my heart into trying to be that somebody. I do not want ever again to find myself in the position of saying, in effect, 'You have paid two dollars to look at the face of John Barrymore, and here it is.'"

However, three old ladies who wanted to ask the star about some phase of his interpretation of Hamlet were graciously received and the matter discussed with them. And after a Saturday matinée this supposedly difficult star will be found receiving a group of school children and playing with them.

But as for being a matinée idol——!

"I can't discuss a thing which simply doesn't exist! No, I never get any telephone messages. Letters? A few, perhaps, which are never answered. Not even read."

"How do you know they are that sort of letters unless you read them?"

"Somebody else goes over them and weeds them out. It's not difficult to spot them.

"No, of course they don't affect me, because I don't see them. But if I did they would only inspire me with disgust that anybody could be so foolish. Perhaps my dislike of those things acts as a shield. People must sense how much I should hate that stuff.

"No, I don't encounter any of that rot outside the theater. Why should I? I should be horribly embarrassed if I did. And I can't tell you anything about the sort of women who write to an actor, because I don't know any. Nor what prompts them to do it, because I don't know anything about the whole business."

In short, Mr. Barrymore, in no uncertain terms, repudiated the honor of being America's matinée idol.

Yet at that very moment the last of a matinée audience of about three thousand, who had brought into the box office some forty-five hundred dollars, were drifting out on to Thirty-fourth Street. And most of them were women.

And I heard some of the comments.

"Wasn't it just swell, Francie?"

"You said a mouthful, Bess. But anything would be swell if Barrymore acted in it. I just adore him——!"

THE END

Milburn, the CHAMPION

By Peter Vischer

What Chance Has a Man of More Than Thirty-five Years to Excel in Sports? This Article, About the Greatest Polo Player in History, an American, Should Encourage Every Man of Maturity Who Aspires to Athletic Distinction, and Is Willing to Pay the Necessary Price.

International Photos

It's a full blooded man's game, and Americans made it so.

Devereux Milburn, conceded to be the greatest polo player in the history of the game, and still unapproachable at forty-two.

WHENEVER a group of sporting enthusiasts gathers it is a pretty safe bet that conversation will not have progressed very far before one of them will put his feet up on a table, light a cigaret, or bend the elbow, and with earnestness born of conviction announce:

"In sports, this is the age of youth."

He will cite examples. He will assert, if none of his companions beat him to it, that of the great amateurs in outdoor sports, Bobby Jones is only twenty-two, Bill Tilden is thirty, Charlie Paddock is twenty-four, and of the professionals, Gene Sarazen is twenty-two, Babe Ruth is thirty, and Jack Dempsey is twenty-eight. These are the world's greatest exponents of golf, tennis, track, baseball, boxing—and not one has passed the hoary old sporting age of thirty.

The youth-serving declaimer will, in all probability, omit the name of one as great as any of them, a man who for the love of it plays a game as hard and exacting as any, one more dangerous than all theirs put together, a man who for fifteen years stood head and shoulders above every other player of his sport in all the world. That man is now forty-two years old and is still unapproachable.

Devereux Milburn is his name, and he is captain and back on the truly great American polo team which will defend the Hurlingham Cup—most cherished of all trophies in the realm of the King of Sports—against England's best in the matches at the Meadowbrook Club, Long Island, on September 6, 10, and 13.

There is no polo player in the long history of the game who ranks with Devereux Milburn. He is conceded to be the greatest player—in a class by himself—greater than the John Watson and Walter Buckmaster of international fame to whom Englishmen used to point with pride; greater by a still comfortable margin than the one man playing the game today who has a chance to become his equal—young Tommy Hitchcock, a teammate on the American four, who has nearly a score of years left to play before he reaches Milburn's forty-two.

MILBURN has been an athlete from boyhood, and he looks it. He is six feet tall, with square shoulders and a broad chest, powerful arms and hands, and steel springs for legs. He has a high forehead which reaches up into closely cropped black hair, already tinged with gray. He has rather a solemn face, which lights only occasionally with a quick-vanishing smile.

But these are close-up details which the average polo enthusiast never sees. In polo togs Milburn is a heavy-set and determined-appearing man with powerful shoulders, who looks like pretty much of a burden for his biggest ponies. He sits straight in his saddle, none too gracefully. He has very noticeable knees and feet. His cap, its huge visor pulled down deep over his eyes, makes it impossible to judge his age or manner.

He is quite evidently, though, the athlete. Notwithstanding the fact that Milburn has been playing polo for thirty years, he still precedes an important match with a show of nervousness quite beyond his power to conceal.

Until the bell sounds and play begins. Then Milburn forgets everything except polo. He is like a thoroughbred just past the barrier.

In action, Milburn is easily recognizable. No one rides quite as recklessly as he does. No one hits as hard as he does nor stands up in his stirrups quite the way Milburn does.

J. Watson Webb of the American team and any number of the better English and Argentine players ride more gracefully than does Milburn. Hitchcock hits as long as any. Harry East, below Milburn in the class of his play, is more belligerent. Malcolm Stevenson, a sterling American player, dribbles better than Milburn. Major V. W. Lockett of the British Army four is as fine a defensive back. Harry Payne Whitney, at his best, was probably as resourceful a field general.

But where each of these players is superb in one way or another, Milburn is exceptional in every quality needed in a polo player. He does everything superlatively well. He is a Dempsey, a Bobby Jones, a Paddock, and an Earle Sande all rolled into one. And don't forget he's all that today, at the age of forty-two.

"I have nothing exceptional," is Milburn's modest disclaimer of prowess. "I just started young, liked it, and kept at it. I still play because I think it's a great game for a middle aged man; it's just the thing to keep him in shape."

Some of which is true, but not all. Mil-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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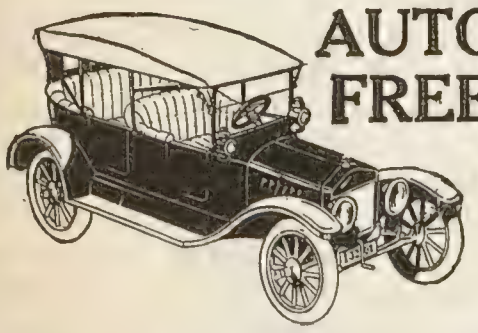

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

burn did start playing polo young. He lived in Buffalo as a boy, where his father was a prominent lawyer, president of the Pan-American Exposition, and a well known citizen. Incidentally, it was in the Milburn home that President McKinley died after he was shot in 1901.

Devereux and his brother, John G. Jr., and several other Buffalo youngsters, among them the late C. C. Rumsey, used to sit fascinated along the sidelines as some of Buffalo's élite struggled with the game. Devereux was eleven at the time and the other boys were little older.

As the boys grew older they were permitted from time to time to play with the older men.

Both Milburn boys went to Oxford, in England, where they made a notable success of athletics. Neither had ever rowed before going to Oxford, but both made the varsity crew that beat Cambridge in 1902. In addition, John won the high jump in his freshman year. And in both 1900 and 1901 Devereux won for Oxford all the spring swimming races with Cambridge. Both also played polo.

MILBURN came back to the United States after he was graduated from Oxford and entered Harvard Law School. When he was through with his course there he went to New York, whither his family had moved, and became one of the group of polo players who competed for the famous Meadowbrook Club.

America was badly in need of good young polo players at that time. The Hurlingham Cup was safe in England, where it had been taken in 1886. International play between Great Britain and the United States had been practically discontinued since 1902. But there was a growing enthusiasm for polo here and the decision was finally reached to make a determined effort to regain the cup.

Harry Payne Whitney was then America's greatest polo player, and he was called upon to organize a team. Part of his task was easy, for he had the two Waterbury brothers, Larry and Monte, to count upon. Whitney himself played No. 3, and that meant that the team was complete except for a back.

Milburn was finally chosen. He was known to be a player of ability, but lacking then in seasoning and experience. That told on him, too, and he made a shaky start in the first match in England. Yes, a shaky start, but a glorious finish. Before the matches were through Milburn was hailed by every competent critic as the greatest polo player who ever mounted a pony. That was in 1909, and it still holds true.

Milburn's contribution to international polo is very distinct. Up until the time that he and players of his dynamic type entered the lists polo was rather a comfortable afternoon's sport, in which some pleasant horseback riding and a little striking of the ball were combined to make a delightful pastime.

UNTIL Milburn and his companion Americans began to play international polo the game was played with all four players strung along the field in their numerical order. All stroking was up and down the field, the No. 2, for instance, passing to No. 1, up in front of him, who would take a shot at goal if opportunity offered. The ball usually see-sawed up and down.

The Americans changed that. The Waterburys, for instance, knew each other's play so well that each could figure from the position of the other relative to the ball how far and in what direction he would drive. So basketball was introduced into polo, and the most successful passing became lateral. Instead of a lone American coming up the field at a time, two would come up as a pair, passing back and forth to each other, to the consternation of the opposing defense.

That was bad enough, but the Americans had no respect at all for position play. Milburn, the back, was just as likely to be snorting up the field with the forwards as he was to be back where he belonged in the defense of his goal. Every American was on the offensive all the time.

Milburn, to make matters worse, introduced a brand new shot. Polo had always been a sort of croquet on horseback, with the players tapping the ball to each other along the ground. Milburn introduced the midiron shot into polo. He struck the ball with such tremendous force and with such a wrist lift that it traveled through the air. And no player or pony can stop a ball that's scooting along in midair.

And Milburn hit the ball so hard that the entire pace of the game was changed. Kaleidoscopic changes were introduced, an uncomfortable defense often being changed into an offensive thrust at goal with a single shot. Milburn explains it this way:

"The only theory I have for playing the defense is to hit the ball so far back into the field that we are immediately on the offensive."

And he can do it—as few can.

Yes, that's Mr. Milburn's game for the middle-aged man! At the pace at which Americans have notched the game, polo is something like parachute jumping. Nine times out of ten it's great fun, but every once in so often there comes a hurry call for blotting paper.

THE END

I WAS *NOT* BORN *IN* NEW YORK

Poor Old Gotham! Its Adopted Sons Behave Just Like Regular Step-Children. It Gives Them Fame and Fortune. And They Disown It in the End

Nowhere else on God's footstool, his audience is informed, dwells a people so renowned for patriotism, enterprise, virtue, intelligence, masculine bravery, and feminine beauty.

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

AT about ten o'clock of almost any night in the year a toastmaster arises somewhere in New York City, beams upon the assemblage before him, bestows an admonitory scowl upon the group of "stag" diners in one corner who are displaying symptoms of breaking into a ballad, straightens his tie, and speaks, substantially, as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We have with us tonight as the speaker of the evening one whom I consider it a privilege to introduce to this assemblage. And speaking of privilege, I am reminded of a little story."

Following the laughter which greets this priceless incident in the careers of those two great Irishmen, Pat and Mike, the chairman becomes geographic and then lyric. He centers his eloquence upon any state, county, or town in the country except the one he happens to be in, and rhapsodizes on its (a) climate, (b) location, (c) configuration, (d) flora and fauna, (e) products, industrial and agricultural, (f) population.

On arriving at this last subdivision the toastmaster becomes panegyric. Nowhere else on God's footstool, his audience is informed, dwells a people so renowned for patriotism, enterprise, virtue, intelligence, masculine bravery, and feminine beauty as the inhabitants of that particular region which lies alphabetically anywhere between Alabama and Wyoming. At this point the diners, all born in that particular locality, applaud uproariously.

Whereupon the speaker takes a sip of water, frowns portentously at the stags in the corner whose enthusiasm is getting the better of them, and continues:

"It is then my privilege, ladies and gentlemen, if I may repeat myself, to introduce to you a son of dear old [see atlas] who, though far away from the influence of [any old State, county or city], has employed the lessons learned in his boyhood in the fierce battles of this metropolis, directing his course by the light of those same virtues which made him, years ago, a notable figure in dear old [see atlas again] and which have now raised him to a position of leadership in the affairs of the greatest city of the world. I take great pleasure, sons and daughters of [don't close the atlas yet], in presenting our famous compatriot."

The sons and daughters of Alabama, Wyoming, or some State intervening, most of whom have voted in New York for at least a decade, applaud frantically. The speaker of the evening, who, perhaps, has not spent a week in his birthplace in the last twenty years, launches into an address pleasantly interspersed with local allusions. These are vastly appreciated by the expatriated natives of dear old somewhere or other, but the speaker's secretary, who has dug them out, with some pain, during the preceding afternoon, gets none of the credit due him.

FOR eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine and a half hours of the year the speaker of the evening has thought of himself only as a New Yorker. During this particular thirty minutes he is a violently eloquent citizen of his birthplace. Then, when the applause has subsided, he goes back to being a New Yorker again.

He is not any particular individual. He is merely the typical, well known resident of Manhattan, the average leader of the city's enterprises. Being typical and average, he is not a native New Yorker.

His wistfully reminiscent remarks concerning the little old red schoolhouse or the majestic flow of the Blank River or the grandeur of the Hiatus Mountains, stir several hundred typical and average New Yorkers to protracted enthusiasm. They yearn sentimentally over the dear old scenes from which a heartless fate has separated them.

Observing them, one might fancy New York City was a particularly vicious combination of the Sahara Desert and Libby Prison. One would never fancy that there are still several trains daily back to the dear old home, or that several husky tractors would be necessary to get any of the diners aboard.

If citizens of America's metropolis didn't gather according to their tribes once every so often to utter homesick moans they wouldn't be typical New Yorkers.

There are times when the impartial observer

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

who is unswayed for the moment by back home eloquence feels vaguely sorry, not for the expatriates, doomed to live in horrid comfort or affluence in New York, but for New York itself.

There are moments when the town itself appears not the "city of sighs and tears," not the great and ruthless monster devouring youth and ambition, but, instead, the abused, defamed, misrepresented, and kicked about goat.

NEW YORK CITY is a target at which everybody shoots. The Westerner or the Southerner or the Down Easterner, meeting a New Yorker, is called upon to lift his voice in vociferous thanks that, whatever his defects may be, he does not have to live in New York.

The visitor to the city, returning homeward with a chastened spirit, a yearning for peace and quiet, and a conscience more heavily burdened than his pocketbook, proclaims fervently to all and sundry of his fellow citizens that he wouldn't live in New York if they gave the city to him.

The New Yorker himself is scarcely more merciful to the city which has given to him anywhere from twice to a hundred times the prosperity he could have hoped for elsewhere. He will concede that he lives in Manhattan, but in the presence of outlanders almost always apologizes and explains thus:

"Of course, I was not born in New York."

All of them, in nine cases out of ten, are animated by the same spirit which moves most of us to speak in lofty patronage of that miserable and unhappy person who has managed to amass a few million dollars in his lifetime.

Most of those who are filled with gratitude over the fact that they don't live in New York City would, if the truth were known, give their left hands, with perhaps a couple of eye-teeth thrown in, to be successful New Yorkers. Practically all the New Yorkers by adoption would return to their native habitats only a little more willingly than they would go to Sing Sing Prison.

IT is a fact, as residents in other towns are fond of pointing out, that most of the leaders in New York City's activities today were born elsewhere. They usually make this statement with the air of an official reading a grand jury indictment, indicating some obscure but shameful moral obliquity on the part of the city itself.

To date no law has been uncovered making it obligatory for anyone to go from elsewhere and take upon himself the shameful burden of being a New Yorker unless he is so inclined. In that respect this is still a free country. If leading New Yorkers of the present day are not natives of the city, that is nothing for the city to regard as though it were a black eye obtained in a barroom rumpus. It merely indicates that for the keenest citizens of this nation New York is the best place to live. They all go there as soon as they can leap off from their local peaks.

Chester A. Arthur, the only man who was a resident of New York City when he entered the White House, was born in Fairfield, Vermont; Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, is a New Yorker who was born in Glens Falls, New York; Royal S. Copeland, United States Senator and former health commissioner of New York City, hails from Dexter, Wisconsin; George W. Wickersham, a former Attorney General of the United States, lives in Manhattan and was born in Pittsburgh; Elihu Root, New Yorker, is a native of Clinton, New York.

The mayor of New York City, the president of the board of aldermen, the controller, the police commissioner, and the fire chief all were born elsewhere.

So were most of the city's capitalists—J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller Jr., Frank A. Vanderlip, Elbert H. Gary, Charles H. Schwab. Ogden Reid, proprietor of the *Tribune*, is the only native born owner of a New York morning newspaper.

The list can be stretched out indefinitely. The president of Columbia University, the chancellor of New York University, and the president of the College of the City of New York—the three great educational institutions of the metropolis—are all outlanders. David Belasco, Daniel Frohman, George M. Cohan, Lee Shubert, Florenz Ziegfeld, and half a dozen more of the great theatrical producers, were born elsewhere.

A LIST of those New Yorkers who are qualified to make the typical apology of their kind—"Of course, I was not born in New York"—would sound, with a few exceptions, like a copy of Who's Who in Manhattan. The roster of these folk who proclaim that they wouldn't live in New York City if the entire city should invite them would constitute an almost perfect census of the nation at large.

"New York," a politician said recently, "New York is run by people from west of the Alleghenies."

He intended to discredit New York. As a matter of fact, his statement merely indicated that the territory west of the Alleghenies did not possess sufficient advantages or inducements to keep its ablest sons occupied at home.

Accurately decoded, the usual alibi, "I was not born in New York," means only, "I was too darn good for my birthplace to hold me, so I came, instead, to a town that could."

THE END

The Battle Royal in the A. P.

By HARPER LEECH

Paul Patterson of the Baltimore Sun.

Frank E. Gannett, president of the Rochester (New York) Times-Union

Some Interesting Information on What's Going On in the Exclusive Publishers' Club Which Collects a Large Part of the News You Read in the Daily Papers

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Since this article was written the Baltimore Evening Sun and the Rochester Times-Union have been refused the memberships in the Associated Press which their owners sought to obtain. The majority of the existing members of the Association who cast their ballots favored admitting Mr. Hearst's rivals to the organization. But a four-fifths majority of members voting is necessary to granting of a new membership, when a protest against it has been filed; and the owners of the Sun and the Times-Union failed to gather that number. The ballots stood: For admitting the Sun 565, against 335; for admitting the Times-Union 500, against 340. It is probable, however, that the row will be resumed when the Associated Press holds its annual meeting early next year.*]

"BY ASSOCIATED PRESS." Scores of millions lamp that label every day, morning and afternoon.

Most of them probably pay no more attention to it than to "Sterling" on a spoon, but if they think of it at all it carries a similar punch. As a rule, however, the man who will scrutinize the trade mark on an automobile tire or painstakingly evaluate the stamp on the bottle from his confidential bootlegger will give little heed to the labels on his news.

When folks speak of the A. P. at all they indicate that they accept it in a vague sort of way as an institution on the order of the Post Office, the Navy, West Point, or the Mint. But, like all these, the Associated Press is a human institution, operated by men chock-full of red blood and combat.

William Randolph Hearst, owner of sixteen A. P. memberships.

Although it is a corporation engaged in one of the most strenuous of efforts, the collection and distribution of news, and although it collects and spends millions of dollars per year, both in spirit and in form of organization the Associated Press is a publishers' club rather than a strictly business outfit. It makes no profit. Mutuality, coöperation, and exclusiveness have been of its essence. They are the hallmarks of a successful social body.

Although A. P. memberships are transferable and can be acquired by purchase, the organization has never failed otherwise to measure up to the most rigid tests of social orthodoxy in the quality of keeping outsiders on the outside.

For a publisher to break into the A. P. in any city where there is another A. P. member who wants to keep him out has proved practically impossible in the past. The organization's by-laws provide that any member paper may file a protest against the admission of any other paper in its city or natural publishing territory, and that after such a protest a four-fifths vote of the membership is necessary for the election of the applicant.

MOST good club rows start near the box in which they drop the little white and black balls or their equivalent. The old A. P. is just now settling down (temporarily) after a battle royal over the question of admitting to membership two applicants who recently decided that the time was ripe to challenge the old policy of exclusiveness. The applicants were the Baltimore Evening Sun and the Rochester (New York) Times-Union, owned, respectively, by Paul Patterson and Frank E. Gannett.

Both these publishers own other papers with A. P. franchises. Both are competitors of papers owned by William Randolph Hearst which possess Associated Press memberships bought from former owners.

The real issue in the controversy over admitting the two new members was William Randolph Hearst, and whether the historic clubbiness of the A. P. would prevail in a case where Hearst protested admission of papers owned by publishers more congenial to Associated Press members than he—more congenial and less competitive, actually or potentially.

That Hearst was the issue in the row added to its intensity and more pep was injected into the proceedings because both Hearst and the majority of his opponents played rôles the reverse of which they had formerly acted in controversies of a similar nature.

In fact, it looked as if Mr. Hearst had met himself coming around the corner.

Relative to the Associated Press, Publisher Hearst has a dual personality. By the inheritance of one and the purchase of other papers, Hearst holds sixteen out of one thousand two hundred and eight voting memberships. These sixteen memberships are located in big cities and have a strategic importance out of proportion to their number. As the proprietor of these member papers, Hearst is charged with the duty of collecting news for the Associated Press in several cities.

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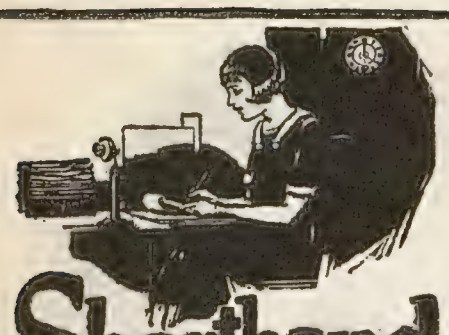

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In one city he has the exclusive morning membership in the Associated Press and in three the exclusive afternoon membership.

Baltimore and Rochester are two of the three cities in which Hearst is the sole afternoon A. P. member and the news source for the Associated Press in those cities in daylight hours.

Thus Hearst is an important internal factor in the operation of the Associated Press and as the owner of sixteen franchises he is financially interested, along with other members, in perpetuating the exclusive features of such franchises.

On the other hand, Mr. Hearst is the owner of more than a dozen large dailies, morning and afternoon, which have no Associated Press franchises and cannot get them. Partly to supply these papers with news, and partly as an enterprise on its own account, Hearst maintains two or three special news services, which both supplement and compete with the Associated Press.

He also sells them to many other papers, including Associated Press papers, which desire them as a supplemental service or take them to keep competitors from getting them. These Hearst news services not only handle and sell the same sort of "spot news" that the Associated Press collects and distributes, but also carry "feature" stories, interviews, and other things, interesting and clever, but somewhat more remotely related to the news idea than the usual Associated Press report.

RIGHT here try to picture the situation and feelings of publishers like Mr. Patterson in Baltimore and Mr. Gannett in Rochester, both owners of other Associated Press papers and presumably preferring the Associated Press style of handling news, but practically compelled to buy and print in their nonmember papers the news furnished to them by their competitor, Mr. Hearst, and his bright young men, or the product of another afternoon press association which has some tendencies similar to those in the Hearst product.

They would not be human if such a condition did not irk them.

Nor is it odd that several hundred members of the A. P. felt the same way about it and therefore in this special case were willing to abandon the time honored policy of exclusiveness and to vote for the admission into the club of men who they feel are really more clubby than the members representing the afternoon newspaper fields of Baltimore and Rochester.

This feeling crops out in a letter written to his fellow clubmen by William Allen White, editor and owner of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, known to most Americans who read the magazines or follow politics. He says: "I believe that the evidence entitles me to the opinion that Mr. Hearst does not play our game. The ideals of the Associated Press, as I understand them, do not seem to interest him. The publishers of the Baltimore Evening Sun and the Rochester Times-Union are men of our kind."

Could the clubby note be clearer?

There is the hint in all the advocacy of the new memberships that the news gathering interests of the A. P. would be in better hands in Baltimore and Rochester if there were other members on the ground. There is no charge of disloyalty on the part of Hearst to the A. P. in the conduct of any of his member papers. But it is insisted that there is a difference in news viewpoint, such that the sort of news the A. P. prefers from Baltimore and Rochester would be more certainly obtained if there were other members there to assist in its collection.

In other words, where Hearst gathers news for the Associated Press it will be the Hearst variety of news, which may not be the kind of news the A. P. and its members prefer.

NOW for the Hearst side of the controversy. It contains an appreciable dash of humor, because of the history of that champion of the plain people.

As a consistent foe of "trusts," Hearst can hardly approve in principle such quasi monopolistic features as inhere in all social organizations, including, let us say, the Associated Press, the American Federation of Labor, the American Medical Association, Ragen's Colts, or the Standard Oil Company, prior to the "rule of reason."

Yet in the present instance the trust busting Mr. Hearst upholds with force, courtesy, and good writing the principles of special privileges and vested rights as pertaining to his membership in America's most exclusive press club, and warns his fellow publishers against the insidious wiles of radicalism that threaten the sacred ramparts of the Associated Press.

Other Hearst spokesmen put the sacred cows and holy white elephants of private property through their paces. Never did these animals do their stuff better. Never have they paraded more impressively down the columns of the Wall Street Journal than through the pages of Mr. Hearst's brief.

But the mixed motives brought out in this drama of reversed rôles are emphasized because William Randolph Hearst, who today wants to preserve the exclusiveness of the Associated Press, fought in the courts for many years to have the Associated Press declared a common carrier and compelled to sell its news to whoever had the price.

THE END

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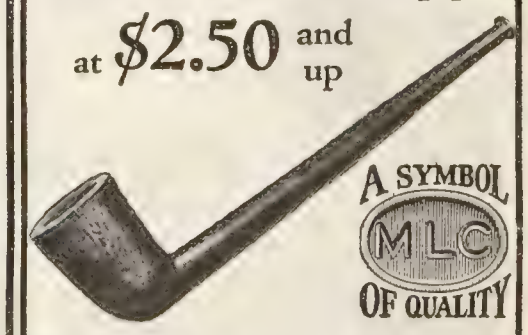

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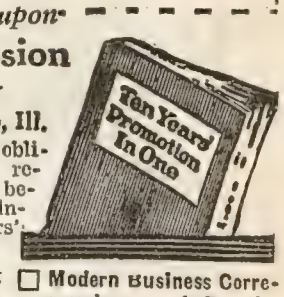

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CONFESSIONS of a SHYSTER

THE True Story of How Three Blackmail Plots—Against a Banker, a Celebrated Athlete, and an Aged Widower—Netted Two Archenemies of Society the Neat Sum of $155,000

Pictures by HAROLD T. DENISON

By ONE WHO WAS DISBARRED

"That sounds easy," said Williams, after Lulu had gone into details about Mr. G.'s sentimental leanings.

In the preceding installment of this series the writer described his drudgery in a law office and told how, on the verge of bankruptcy, he drifted into the work of a shady lawyer with the avowed intention of "making a lot of money, and quickly." He described how Rudolph, his patron—a genius in dark and devious ways—taught him all the tricks of the shyster and how he himself put over his first big shyster exploit—getting $50,000 out of a framed divorce case involving an heir to millions who had eloped with a chorus girl. He also told how his partner, carrying his theories even into their own office, decamped with a small fortune belonging to a client. And now you are ready for an even more exciting installment—the second.

PART II—*HEART BALM*

I WORK up a fine thrill, even today, when I consider what we might have done had all of our plans materialized. We went so far as to consider retaining a corps of professional fiancées—alluring but wholly unscrupulous young women who might make it their business to trap men into breach of promise suits. It was unnecessary, because such women existed and operated anyway, and we were certain to get more than a fair share of the business.

We overlooked no reasonable opportunity to cash in. We had understandings with fortune tellers. We had business arrangements with private detectives who would have done anything from lie to murder for a price.

We had no compunctions whatever about levying blackmail. We double crossed our own clients. We had a squad of ambulance chasers who worked on a salary and percentage basis, getting anywhere from two to six per cent of the profits of the cases they landed.

We subsidized young medical internes in four large hospitals and they worked for us in conjunction with our ambulance chasers. These doctors operated on a percentage basis, as did nurses in the same hospitals. The nurses were very valuable.

There was one of the nurses who did not limit her activities to the hospital where she worked. She notified us of cases in other hospitals, and even showed us the way to several large amounts of easy money in private sanitariums and homes. She was quite wonderful and of her I shall write a little later.

Our office was never closed. We kept at least one clerk in the place every night—and all night. Thus we were in a position to receive tips on accident cases at all hours.

For example, one of our internes or nurses would encounter what seemed to be a bright prospect. He would communicate with our office, the clerk would make note of it and pass it along to one of our ambulance chasers.

We were, as you must appreciate, a precious pair. We were out to make money—that's the whole story.

I recall one typical illustration of the sort of work we did.

A young woman came to me soon after I associated myself with Williams and told me she wanted to sue a banker whose social and financial connections were of the very best.

This man, then at the height of his hugely successful career, had an apartment noted for its sumptuousness. It was said of him that this apartment was frequently the scene of wild parties in which young women not of his social set were the inspiration of much of the jollity.

The girl told me that there had been much drinking at a party and that, in a moment of exuberance, her host had thrown her down a flight of steps. She was not hurt to any extent—a few bruises, but that was all.

I telephoned the banker—a very decent sort, who said that he'd call at my office.

"LOOK here," he said, "I've come personally rather than turn this over to a lawyer, because I'm quite ready to do the right thing and I don't want any more people than necessary to be in on this.

"Personally, I don't remember anything about the accident. I don't want a suit on my hands. I couldn't stand publicity. What shall we give the young woman?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," I replied quietly.

"That's damned nonsense," cried the banker. "I won't pay any such sum. You are a damned shyster."

"Before you call me any more names," I interrupted, "let me remind you of what you have just said. You don't want any publicity. You have come to me asking terms. You have them. Good day, sir."

On the following day a most important attorney telephoned me asking for a conference.

"You," he said, "realize that the young woman's terms are preposterous. My client

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Pull a Good One
When You Write—or Lend

A Pen You Need Not Apologize For
Never Failing—Never Ailing

With a Jewel-Smooth 25-Year Point No Style of Writing Can Distort

OWN the classic pen with which Success associates. A shapely balanced pen that will help you give the world the kind of impression you are capable of creating by *a rapid, characterful hand.*

A pen you can pull out in public, and lend without a tremor, knowing that the other man's style of writing can't alter the point one particle.

A handsome pen that commands the world's admiration wherever its black-tipped lacquer-red barrel is seen.

A pen with a jewel-smooth point that's guaranteed, if not mistreated, for 25 years' WEAR. Hence the most economical pen you can buy.

A pen you can fill by simply pressing a Button that is capped inside the barrel where it doesn't mar the beauty or catch on the clothing. A clean pen to carry and handle on account of the Ink-Tight seal achieved by the "Lucky Curve" feed and the double sleeve of the Duo-Sleeve Cap.

Any good pen counter will sell you this super-writer on 30 days' approval—flashing plain black, or black-tipped, lacquer-red—the color that makes it hard to mislay.

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With The 25 Year Point

Over-Size Duofold with extra Big Ink Capacity $7
Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold same except for size $5

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

is anxious to make a settlement upon her and desires to be generous, but while I realize that you, as a lawyer, must present your client's case, I am sure you would advise her to moderate her demands."

"Just what is your client prepared to pay?" I asked.

"We would be very glad to pay the young woman's doctor bills and give her a thousand dollars in addition."

I laughed at him.

"I shall give you one day more to make your proposition a real one," I said.

"That sounds like blackmail," he replied.

"You are in a poor position to make such a statement," I warned him. "You have one more day, sir. Unless we are satisfied with the proposal you make before six o'clock tomorrow night I shall file suit."

On the following day they suggested five thousand dollars. I gave the girl four thousand. I think I was rather generous with her.

Such an establishment as we maintained was bound to be the scene of occasional physical disturbance. Neither Williams nor I was an athlete. Twice large and irritable men came into our offices with no other intention than to destroy us.

We got rid of the first by bluff, but the second one had sufficient alcohol in his system to render him immune from such counter attack, and he very nearly did for Williams. Incidentally this episode should have warned me that Williams was not to be trusted, even by me.

After this incident we added to our office forces a former pugilist, who, when he bounced anybody, did it so thoroughly that the person stayed bounced. I shall call him Willie.

IT seems that a young woman came to us one day with a legitimate breach of promise case.

The man in the case was a well known youth with plenty of money and a liking for occasional sprees. He was a whale of a chap with a great reputation as an amateur boxer.

One day the newspapers carried the announcement of his engagement to marry a young woman whose family was prominent in society and business. He suddenly retired from Broadway and the case of the other girl came to our attention. Williams handled it. Apparently the athletic lad had cherished a real liking for the woman about to be discarded. She had a number of ardent letters from him, which gave unmistakable evidence of his occasional desire to marry her.

The man came to our office at Williams' suggestion and looked over the letters. Being an intelligent person, he realized just what he was facing. If he protested, Williams could file suit for breach of promise and then, even if it never got to a jury, the thing which the man dreaded most—publicity—would result.

He agreed, forthwith, to make a settlement upon the jilted young woman, and he did so, but made the grave error of handing the cash—ten thousand dollars—to Williams and accepting Williams' word for it that he should have the woman's legal release in a day or so.

Ten days passed. Into our office, like an enraged gorilla, came the big athlete. He upset two clerks and a couple of chairs in his desire to see Williams at once. Williams was listening to the tale of woe of another client.

The big boy crashed through Williams' door. The client fled. Our caller was half drunk. He had regained something of his wonted assurance. Someone had told him that he was a yellow dog and he had gone to his fiancée and laid the whole matter before her. She agreed that he should make a fight.

And that isn't all. In some manner he had learned that the jilted girl had received only one thousand dollars. Also he had received from Williams no release of claim.

"Williams," he roared, "before I get down to business, let me tell you what you are."

He told him. The man had the gift of expression. Williams sat unmoved under the attack. The big man was bending over him.

"And now, Williams, give me the release the girl signed."

"I was just going to mail it to you."

"No, Williams, give me the one she signed; not the forgery. This one is for my ten thousand; the one she signed was for a thousand."

"You're crazy to believe such a fool story," Williams cried. "The girl's a liar if she says I held out on her."

"The girl's no liar. Come across, you rat."

"She's a liar; she's a liar," screamed Williams. "Get out of here. Do you think I'm crazy? Get out of here or I'll call a policeman. You'd like the publicity, wouldn't you?"

"Come to think of it, Williams," said the big boy, calmly, "I've changed my mind."

"Yeh," sneered my partner, "I thought you would."

"Yes, changed my mind. I've decided to take nine thousand dollars from you and let the release slide. I'll see to it that the girl gets the nine thousand you kept. Now, I'll tell you how much afraid of publicity I am. You sit down there and write out a check for nine thousand. Make it payable to me.

"Then I'm going to take you to the bank, where you'll get the cash

The spacious hand of his visitor descended upon his collar and began to lift.

and turn it over to me. If you don't write that check now I'm going to beat your head in. And if you try any rotten trick before or after we cash the check, I'll break your neck out there in the middle of the street.

"Then you and I are going to ride up to the girl's house and hand her the nine thousand. That's how much I'm afraid of publicity. How much publicity can *you* stand?"

Williams demurred just a moment. The spacious hand of his visitor descended upon his collar and began to lift. The man could have whirled Williams through the air as he would a cat.

"You win," whined Williams.

Williams went through with the program. The big boy married his fiancée. He is one of New York's most widely known financiers. Our firm hired Willie immediately after that.

I singled out a nurse a little while back for special mention for her energetic cooperation with us. She was an extremely capable young person enjoying the confidence of many doctors and therefore recommended us quite often to important home cases. She had that little unnatural twist in her mental attitude toward the proprieties without which no person is a consistent crook.

In other words, she was no more normal in her valuation of the conventions than is any other criminal. I mention her now because I purpose dropping Williams out of my story and her most remarkable contribution to our program was made through my partner. To simplify matters, I will call the nurse Lulu.

Lulu was a mature woman of forty or so. One day she telephoned Williams, saying that he might take her to dinner if he desired to listen to something interesting.

She was working in a house in a wealthy residential section. Her patient was a widower with much real money and many imaginary ailments. He was seventy years old, had three married children, and would have had a much younger and prettier nurse than Lulu had the selection been left to him.

Lulu had been chosen by the old man's physician and passed upon by the eldest daughter. Mr. G.—as we shall call him—suffered from hallucinations, which included, among others, a wholly erroneous idea that his children disliked him and were daily hoping that he would die.

"That sounds easy," said Williams, after Lulu had gone into details about Mr. G.'s sentimental leanings. "All that we need to do is to suggest to him that he needs a young woman to read to him or be his confidential secretary, or manage to have him meet a charmer who will see to it that he does not forget her."

The last mentioned idea was adopted. The old man, when able, took daily drives in Central Park. Williams had engaged for the part of the lure a young woman of great physical charm, keen mind, and absolutely no moral standing. She was well educated and had the advantage of good family training. Nevertheless, she was about as unscrupulous a young woman as I have ever known. She was even more dangerous because she had imagination. We shall call her Mary.

MARY resorted to the hoary trick of being brushed by Mr. G.'s carriage and falling. It occurred in Central Park. The old man insisted that she be helped into his carriage and there, with a fine show of reluctance, Mary told him a story of the trials and tribulations of a young woman trying to make a way for herself in New York. It culminated in her being hired by him as his reading secretary.

Two months later Mr. G.'s children were informed that he was about to marry Mary. They descended upon the father's home en masse and told the amorous ancient and Mary as well that there would be no marriage.

"That's all very well for you," replied Mary, "but I have no desire to be made to look foolish. I have told my friends that Mr. G. has proposed to me and that I have accepted him. Am I not to be considered?"

The children all but drove her out. Mary gave us the cue and Williams waited upon the outraged family. She had letters and she had witnesses. She had lived in the old man's house. She had her reputation to consider. However, she would be willing to bow herself out of the family's life if the family was inclined to be reasonable.

Williams talked it over with the lawyer for the children. The old man had been won over by his son and daughters. He was willing to call it quits, but he also strengthened Mary's case by admitting every letter and warning his children and their lawyer that he would tell any court that he had wanted to marry Mary.

The modest sum of $150,000 was bestowed upon Mary for her signature to a release of claim upon Mr. G. Actually she got $50,000 of it. Williams and I got the rest, out of which we paid $10,000 to Lulu. I don't know whether the bar association ever heard of that. It makes me laugh when I think that I was disbarred for a matter so relatively small as subornation of perjury.

How a fortune teller and a youthful "sheik" helped the shyster in his efforts to get at an old woman's wealth is told in the third installment of these "Confessions," soon to appear in Liberty.

FILMFANS who find the vivacious and comely Miss Dana an entertaining person with whom to spend an evening in the dark will be pleased to learn that producers now share their convictions concerning Viola's sterling worth. For several years Miss Dana contented herself (perforce) with displaying pulchritude and pep in what the movie industry knows as program pictures—the garden variety of five-reelers. But along came Merton of the Movies, accompanied by Old Man Opportunity, and Miss Dana took them both into a fond embrace. She will next appear in the most elaborate production of her career, Revelation, in the role of Joline, a dancer and model. The part was created by Nazimova some six years ago, and the story is written against the bizarre background of an artists' colony.

ALTHOUGH you might not guess it from the wistful appearance she presents above, Miss Kenyon, originally recruited by the movies from the legit, is another star upon whom Fortune has lately turned a smiling face. Rudolph Valentino enlisted her as one of the cast who supported him in Monsieur Beaucaire, and the next thing Doris knew, First National had presented her with a two-year contract and a fountain pen—with which to sign it on the dotted line. It is reported that Doris will draw a million dollars in salary and commissions before the contract runs its course. But what's a million, more or less (!) in the movies? It's probably more important that she'll appear presently in more elaborate productions than of yore. Her most recent efforts were expended in behalf of Restless Wives.

Stuart Holmes, as Alac D'Urberville, makes unwelcome advances to Tess.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles
From the Novel by Thomas Hardy
Adapted to the Screen by
Dorothy Farnum
Directed by Marshall Neilan
A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

OUTSIDE of an outline in plot, some genuine rural English landscapes, acquired by Mr. Neilan's camera men in England, and the general atmosphere of gloom and tragedy, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, as produced by Marshall Neilan, is Thomas Hardy's novel in name only.

Which has nothing to do with whether or not the picture is good or bad. A photoplay should be judged from the standpoint of a photoplay, and not from the standpoint of whether it is a successful picturization of one or another novel. Tess might have had even less connection than it has with Thomas Hardy's novel, and yet have been a fine picture. We found it on the whole not what we had hoped it would be.

The chief troubles are the modernization of the story, which makes for an ending that is not plausible, and the introduction in two places of some colored Biblical scenes which reminded us of the lithographic pages in a Sunday newspaper. They were put in to illustrate the remarks of a priest. We felt that the points would have been put across far less mawkishly by an apt subtitle or two.

BECAUSE they have brought the story up to date, which, although no year was mentioned, is quite evident, judging from the latest Paris creations worn by Blanche Sweet, and the plus four knickers and butterfly bow ties worn by Conrad Nagel, we are forced to disbelieve the end of the picture, which, faithful to Hardy, sees the ill-fated Tess hung for the murder of her betrayer.

This may have been possible in the days in which Hardy's story was set. But in modern England it is hardly likely that a young woman would be hung for killing a man who is about to attack her, without a dramatic struggle for her life in the courts of law. Such a situation might well be the basis for a photodrama in itself. But when, in the last half reel of a picture, you see the heroine in her cell, bidding a last farewell to her husband, and read one short subtitle to the effect that justice is stern or grim or otherwise defective, and then see the young lady walk out to the gallows, while the husband stands on the hill top and watches the rising of the black flag, a sign that a hanging is going on in the prison yard, you can't help being a little bit skeptical.

CERTAINLY there is some lovely photography in the picture. The English countrysides and the Druid stones are interesting bits. Blanche Sweet is beautiful and makes a Tess easier to believe than much else in the picture. In fact, when the film was getting under way, we thought that we were going to sit back and enjoy it immensely. We liked George Fawcett as the village drunkard and father of Tess, and Blanche Sweet, at first winsome and girlish as a country lass, then really excellent in her portrayal of deep tragedy in the scene where she crawls up the stairs to her dead baby.

BUT when the opening reel or two had unwound, we began to lose interest. The picture was showing the ill effects of being based upon a long novel. It was necessary to make too many long jumps, to allow for too many lapses of time. We became excessively annoyed with Angel Clare, the hero. We felt that no modern Englishman could take the narrow minded attitude that he did.

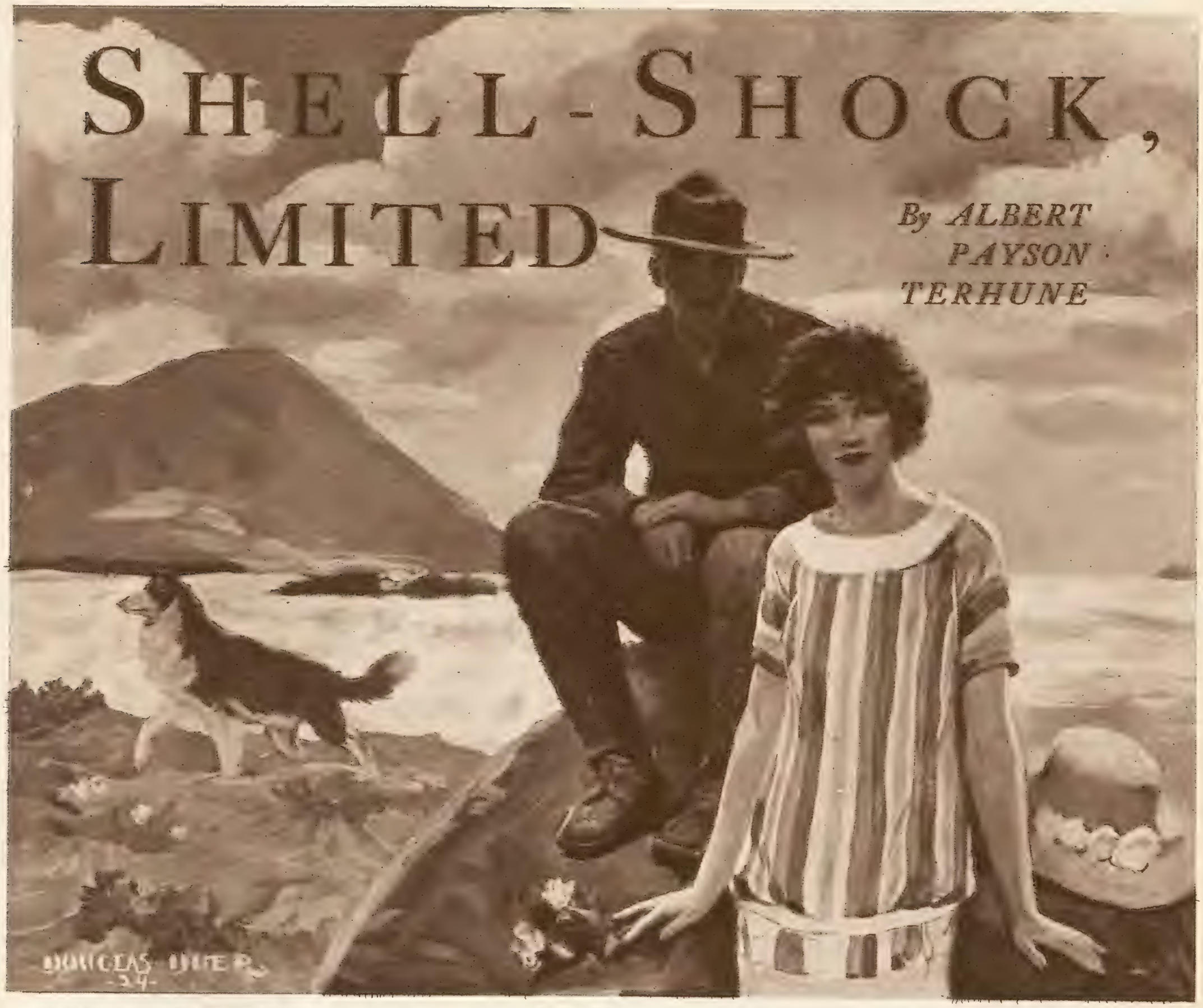
And we were not convinced that the colored photography sermon, poured into his ear by the priest in South America, was sufficient reason for the sudden rush to secure a stateroom on the first boat out of South America that would take him to England, where his cast-off bride was living in poverty so dire that just before he arrived she consented to marry her betrayer.

But do not let us discourage you from going to see Tess. You will perhaps find it thrilling. You will perhaps not agree with us at all.

NEXT WEEK:
The Red Lily and Love and Glory

SHELL-SHOCK, LIMITED

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE



"This morning, at 10:37, he met her at the foot of the Brule Spur; and he and the collie dog walked with her continuously until 12:03 P. M."

A Short Story of a Wreck of a Man, Left by the War; of a Marvelous Collie, and of How Love Can Find Its Way Even to a Hut on the Rim of the Desert

Pictures by DOUGLAS DUER

WHEN Dick Belden came home from France the war had been over for more than a year. The best part of Captain Dick Belden had been dead for much longer than a year.

Shell-shock had sent him to a Paris hospital; and later to a famed French sanitarium where scientists with many letters after their names had wrought over him.

When at last Dick was well enough to cross the gray Atlantic and go back to his father's Crescent Hill home above the black city of Midwestburg he resembled his old-time buoyant self about as much as a flaccid wrinkle of rubber resembles the soaring balloon it once was.

Great was old Rufus G. Belden, the captain's father, in and about Midwestburg; and great was the power of his many million dollars and of his political grip on the state. Yet not all his wealth nor all his prowess could change this only son of his from a listless and lackadaisical skeleton whose only desire was to sit huddled wordlessly in the sun or to brood alone in the huge mansion's far corners.

The boy's brain was not wrecked. The doctors agreed on that. But somewhere in his cosmos a mainspring was snapped. Nor could any of the pompous specialists or the hopeful professional reconstructionists find a way to mend it.

Old Rufus Belden paid many bills. The doctors paid many calls—so many that Dick took to hiding when he knew one of them was due—but their skill availed nothing.

The hiding place chosen as a rule by the spiritless invalid, when he knew beforehand of a projected medical visit, was the back porch of a tiny cottage tucked away behind the kennel houses and the stables of Beldencroft—the only homelike structure on the vast estate.

This was the cottage of little Jamie Mackellar, manager of the Beldencroft collie kennels, which were the pride of Rufus G.'s heart. Jamie was a soft-spoken Scot, wise and gentle beyond the average run of men. He and young Dick had always liked each other. Now the invalid found surcease from his father's booming aggressiveness and the windy ineffectiveness of the army of specialists by stealing away at whiles to the Mackellar cottage.

There, on the handkerchief-sized porch,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOTHER:– Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Champions in the Game of Life!

AGAIN the Olympic games are over, and again Uncle Sam's eagle screams with delight. Americans are athletic champions of the world, and what is more important, they are champions in the greatest game of all—which is *life*.

Here in America has arisen a force which has helped to make this possible—a force that makes us want more and better things. What we want we work for. Work stimulates growth — and thus comes constant development and improvement.

That force is national advertising!

Liberty considers national advertising such a powerful influence for the betterment of American life that it accords its advertising pages an unusually prominent position. A new effectiveness for advertising is the result.

Times are different. So is Liberty. This unique arrangement of advertising pages is one of the ways in which Liberty fits the times!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Dick would sit for hours; his eyes half shut; listening to the pleasant drone of Jamie's talk; with its sprinkle of Scots words and its hint of Scots burr. Seldom did the boy speak, at such times; and never did Jamie question him or seek to arouse him from his lethargy.

At Dick's feet on the porch would lie Lochinvar Bobby, Jamie's grand bronze and white collie; in easy reach of the young man's idly caressing hand; gravely alert for any word or touch from the convalescent.

As a rule, Bobby associated willingly with nobody but his own master. But the dog seemed to feel that Dick was helpless and unhappy. To sorrow or to weakness the collie's great heart always went out in eager friendliness. Wherefore, since the shell-shocked youth's return home, Bobby had constituted himself Dick's attendant and chum.

EARLY one evening—just after Dick had gotten up from a wordless hour on Mackellar's porch and had slouched back to the house with Bobby at his heels —Rufus G. came tiptoeing around the corner of the cottage. At sight of Jamie sitting there alone, he mounted the steps and, unbidden, took the comfortable rocker which Dick had just quitted.

"What am I going to do about him?" demanded Rufus G., hoarsely. "*What* am I going to do, man?"

"Eh, but it's a fearsome thing to see a giant crumple into a heart-broke child!" Jamie told himself in voiceless sympathy. "Lord send me the right words to say to him!"

And in the next breath Belden cried in piteous appeal:

"Mackellar, help me! Nobody else can. What'll I do about him? What'd you do if it was *your* boy?"

It was so long before Jamie made reply that Rufus G. had time to be ashamed of his own babyish appeal. At last the little Scot spoke.

"That time you sent me out to the Pasadena show," he said, "the time Beldencroft Chieftain got 'Best of Breed,' ye mind?—well, at the show I fell in with a husky chap whose granther came from Lochbuy—the same place my own people hail from in the old country. He told me how he came back, shell-shocked, from France; and how they didn't know whether to put him into a home for incurable idiots or a home for incurable invalids. Not caring to go to either place, he lit out. Ran away. He streaked it to the desert. Out to the Imperial Valley — out beyond Palm Springs; down near the Chocolate Mountains, he said.

"He had had a way of going camping out there when he was a boy; and he and some chums of his used to bunk in a deserted adobe hut that some greasers had built, plenty strong, in the old days. A patch of half-desert land on the edge of the Lower Mojave, with this hut on it. He went there because when his nerves were cutting up worst he remembered how quiet and soothing-like it used to be out there in the desert when he was a kid. When his lungs got to bothering him particular bad he remembered how dry and building-up the desert air used to be.

"And he went. Like I just told you. For a year and a half he lived out there all alone, packing food from the nearest mine camp and eating and sleeping out. He said he could feel those bum nerves of his settle down, more and more every day. And every day he could breathe deeper and eat more and sleep sweeter than the day before. Well, sir," finished Mackellar, lamely, "that's all there was to his story. Except, when I saw him, he looked more like a middleweight prizefighter than a sick man."

Rufus G. had scrambled to his feet, red and excited.

"You've got it, Mackellar!" he boomed. "You've *got* it. That time my nerves went to smash after the flu, back in 1912, I spent a month up at a hunting shack in the woods all alone. I came back feeling like a fighting cock. You have struck the right thing. I feel it. Say! Got the address of that man you talked to out in Pasadena? Wire him tonight that I'm sending my secretary out in the morning. Make your friend show him where the hut is and I'll have a gang of men down from Los Angeles to put it in shipshape right off."

JAMIE drew a long breath, set his teeth, and said:

"He cares more for Lochinvar Bobby just now than for anything else. You've seen how he hankers to have the big dog with him always, and how much more contented he is when Bobby's around. I'll let him take Bobby out there with him for company."

It was Jamie who, at his own request, went with Dick and the collie on the long transcontinental ride to install the invalid in his hut and to arrange for the regular sending of supplies to him. From childhood Dick Belden had been fond of camp life. He had learned every intricacy and trick of it long before he went to France. Thus, he was well equipped to take care of himself out there on the desert edge, if only he would take the trouble to.

On the second morning after Dick's installation in the adobe hut, Jamie left for Midwestburg. In departing, he took Lochinvar Bobby's beautiful head between his palms and said, with slow distinctness:

"Stay here with him, Bobby lad. *Stay* here with him. Understand?"

Bobby understood. Bobby always

understood. Hitherto, he had enjoyed vastly this trip into a type of country all unknown to him—a region full of unfamiliar smells and sounds and sights. But, to remain here without his adored master was quite another matter. The collie's deep set dark eyes clouded with sorrow. He whined softly, far down in his throat, by way of appeal. But the man only patted his head and turned abruptly away, saying once more and a trifle huskily:

"*Stay* here, Bobby boy!"

For more than a half day after Jamie had gone Dick Belden sat lifelessly on the shaded mud seat in the lee of his hut. Lunchtime came and went. He was not hungry. He lacked the energy and the desire to prepare food.

The blue shadows lengthened. A breath of evening coolness crept down from the Chocolate Mountains. Somewhere out in the nearby desert a coyote howled dismally. Night was closing in—not with the dreamily long twilights of the East; but in almost indecent haste.

Bobby, lying at the invalid's feet, jumped up, growling a fierce reply to the distant coyote's challenge. The sharp interruption to the desert silence jarred on Dick like a discord.

"Suppertime, Bobby," said the invalid, getting wearily to his feet. "I promised Mackellar, last thing, that I wouldn't let you starve. Come on."

Now Bobby was in not the remotest peril of starving. His single day's experience in this new region had shown him there were more squirrels to the square mile than in any whole county of his own state. These large gray-brown ground-squirrels swarm through Southern California. Also, there are jackrabbits a plenty for the dog that knows—as Bobby knew—how to catch them off guard. No, there was no chance of Bobby's starving, and Jamie had known there was not. There had been purpose in his extortion of the seemingly foolish promise from Dick.

Dick shuffled indoors, picked up Bobby's tin plate and heaped it with broken bread scraps, to which he added a hunk of raw pork. Setting it down on the hearthstone, he started back toward his doorway seat. But, to his faint annoyance, Bobby proceeded to pace along at his side, quite ignoring the unappetizing meal on the hearth. Well fed and having had his day's quota of nourishment before Jamie's departure, the collie was not at all lured to hunger by the sight of dry bread and raw pork. His feelings slightly hurt at the offer of such fare, he stalked coldly out of the house.

Dick looked back at the untouched tin dish. Then he scowled peevishly.

"I remember," he muttered, frowning at the unconcerned dog. "Mackellar said you only like fresh-cooked food. You're a pest. I wish I hadn't promised——"

The sentence melted into a grumble. Dick shuffled back into the kitchen and set the fire alight. Then he busied himself perfunctorily with the contents of larder and pan rack.

The fire-warmth took off the early night chill from the cold room and set cheery little flickers of gold light to dancing on the adobe walls. The musty air of the kitchen began to tingle with the savor of frying meat.

For two days Dick Belden had been drawing into his sick lungs the dry balm of the desert atmosphere. For two days the peace of the outdoors had been subtly at work on his nerves and soul. Since morning he had sat in utter silence amid still denser silences. Unrealized by himself or by anyone else, his cure had actually set in weeks before.

For more than half a day after Jamie had gone, Dick Belden sat listlessly on the shaded mud seat in the lee of his hut.

To his surprise now, his lifeless mind responded ever so little to the room's pleasant warmth, and he realized he had been chilly. Then, to his greater amazement, he found that the reek of frying meat is not nauseating to a man who has been outdoors and without food all day.

Before he fed Bobby he tasted a slice of the newly-cooked meat. For the first time in more than a year food tasted like something else than wood ashes. The man sat down and ate. He did not eat heartily. But he ate more than at any one meal since he could remember. And a curious furtive sense of well-being began to steal through his bloodless system.

He gave a plate of warm meat to Bobby, who consented daintily to eat about half of it. Then Dick took his blankets out on to the dwarf patio of the hut, and rolled himself in them. Not that he was sleepy. He was never really sleepy, nowadays. But it might be as well to lie there and look up at the unbelievably huge white desert stars, as to light a lamp and try to read.

There he lay, the dry cold playing over his upturned face, the glory of the stars bathing him, Bobby snuggling down at his side and, somewhere far off, a wakeful mocking bird singing. The man drew long breaths of the tingling air. He could draw them deeper into his lungs than for ever so long before. . . .

Once he had had quite a knack with flapjacks. And Mackellar had said something about a mountain brook or a pond or something, a few miles to westward. Flapjacks with fried trout! There might be worse things, if one really must eat. Besides, once it had been fun to fish—back in the dead days when anything had been worth while. Perhaps—

The myriad stars merged into one. And that one was shining hotly down upon him. Opening his eyes wide at this phenomenon, Dick found the sun was fully two hours high. He had slept for something like twelve hours.

Not the sick sleep of drugs, as had been his portion for so long, but the slumber of sweet exhaustion in the open air—the slumber that goes down a million miles below the surface of a man and makes him over.

Dick sat up. Bobby was trotting toward him from the direction of the desert-edge. In his mouth the collie was carrying a large and right unwinsome lizard he had killed. With an air of wholesouled generosity he dropped his choice morsel at Dick's feet. Then he stood wagging his plumed tail and with his head cocked interestedly on one side, in very evident anticipation of seeing the man devour gratefully this desert breakfast so thoughtfully brought to him.

Dick Belden looked from the dog to the defunct lizard. Then, for some unknown reason, he threw back his head and laughed aloud, the causeless and plangent laughter of an amused child.

"Thanks, old chum," he said, patting the collie. "But I'm afraid it's too rich for my blood. Suppose we try some pork and flapjacks instead? How about it, Bobby? Flapjacks with a little lemon juice squeezed over them and then a sprinkle of sugar? Come on and help me rustle breakfast. I'm hungry enough to eat that lizard. Then this morning we'll take a look for that fishing place your boss told us about. A tramp and a bit of fishing! Then some more food. Bobby, this is the life I've been looking for all the time. And I never knew it. Come on and let's eat."

From his post atop a mile-distant crag Michael Gray, highly efficient and far more highly-paid private detective, watched man and dog enter the hut. He watched the adobe chimney give forth much smoke. An hour later he saw Dick and the collie set forth in the direction of the nearer hills. Dick walked feebly. But there was a hint of life in his step. Over his shoulder was flung a fishing rod. In one hand he carried a package of lunch. A fly-book bulged from his shirt pocket.

Michael Gray shut his strong field glasses,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gathering her to his breast, Dick waded shoreward and now saw

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

hurried down the crag to his waiting car and drove fast for twenty miles to the nearest telegraph office. There he dispatched a two hundred word wire to his employer, Rufus G. Belden of Midwestburg.

A FULL year later Dick Belden one morning climbed the Brulé Spur, five miles from his hut, for a day's fishing in the twisty brook which meandered drunkenly from the rocky pool at the spur's crest to the flatly shallow waters of the river at the ridge's base.

He was twenty pounds heavier than when he had been brought to the hut by Mackellar. He was once more his own man, save for a morbid dislike for mingling with the rackety and confusing outer world.

There was a prospector's headquarters camp three miles to desertward of his hut. There was a mine shaft with two Easterners pottering around it, three miles to westward. There was a goat ranch, with a father and son making ready for business, a mile or so to the north. There were two eccentric artists, in a shack, a mile or so south.

Scant real work was done by prospectors, or artists, or miners, or ranchers. In fact, none of the lot had more than a rudimentary idea of any of their supposed careers. But one and all were heavily paid by Rufus G. Belden to keep an unnoted eye on Dick and to report on his progress and to render him any possible aid in case of emergency. Michael Gray's detective agency was stripped of its best men for the lazy job. Rufus G. never did things by halves.

On this morning the convalescent climbed the Brulé Spur trail with a mile-eating tireless stride, Lochinvar Bobby trotting along at his side or running ahead in idle pursuit of rabbit, or squirrel, or dawdling behind for a moment to investigate some specially enticing ground scent.

Breasting the summit, Dick was on a sort of mesa, rock-strewn and wooded, at whose farther end was the wide pool which formed the brook's source. Rounding a line of rock-outcrop, he came to a perturbed halt.

Ahead of him was the tumble of boulders which lined the nearer edge of the pool. One of these jutted out above the pool itself for several feet. And on the far edge of this tiny promontory stood a girl.

She was clad in flowing white satin. From her highpiled black hair descended a shimmering tulle wedding veil. Her arms were stretched forth in tragic appeal over the water.

Bobby, as amazed as Dick, halted excitedly beside Dick, both stared.

As they looked, the girl tore from her head the enveloping wedding veil, rent it across and across, and cast it into the waters beneath her. She cried out something, the words of which Belden could not catch, in a tone wildly despairing.

The tearing off of the veil had loosened her long black hair, and now it fell cascading about her.

She was very lovely, very appealing in her spectacular abandonment of grief. Instinctively Dick Belden took a forward step. He

that not fewer than a billion people were surrounding the pool.

did not like the way she was staring down at the pool. There was madness in her haggard young face. His forward stride changed to a headlong run. But he was too late.

With a cry that echoed and re-echoed among the tumble of hilltop rocks the girl flung high her arms and hurled herself forward off the promontory into the black water beneath.

Now if Dick Belden had stopped to use his own newly-steadied wits, he would have realized that the girl stood no more chance of a successful attempt at suicide from that leap than if she had sprung into a bathtub. In the first place, the promontory ledge was a bare five feet high. The pool at its base had scarce four feet depth in its deepest spot. Beyond a dousing, the fair would-be suicide would be none the worse for her plunge.

But Belden did not stop to think. He heard the cry and he saw the leap. That was enough for him. At a pace which strained every atom of his new strength and lung-power, he dashed across the boulder-strewn interval of mesa, toward the pool. As he ran he flung off his coat. There was a fast increasing buzz in his ears—or rather a sustained multiple purr. Subconsciously he thought of rattlesnakes. But his year at the lip of the desert and his jaunts to the Chocolate Mountains taught him the unmistakable timbre of the rattler's note. This present sound was softer and on a wholly different key.

FAST as Dick ran, Lochinvar Bobby ran much faster. The dog had heard that piercing cry. He had heard the splash as the slender young body smote the surface of the pool. That was quite enough for Bobby.

Like a flash of tawny light, the collie sped on. In scarce more than a second he had cleared the rocky space over which Belden was toiling. His spurning feet scarce touched the point of rock where the girl had stood. Headlong he flung himself over the ledge and down into the pool below.

The bride had not yet risen to the surface. The water was crystal clear. Bobby could see her as he sprang. She was kneeling in the bottom of the pool, her head bent forward. And she was clinging to a submerged tree branch to keep her body from rising.

Down came the dog, with a resounding splash. Down drove his classic head, six inches or so beneath the surface. His jaws closed on the girl's shoulder with an irresistible force. He heaved upward with all his strength. His downthrust hindpaws were braced on the rock-bottom of the pool. Under that double leverage something had to give way.

It was the girl who gave way. Her grip on the branch broke. She came bobbing to the surface. Before she could struggle or so much as move, Lochinvar Bobby had struck out shoreward, dragging the girl's light body along and keeping her head above water.

He did not reach shore with his burden. Dick arrived at the promontory in time to jump down into the four-foot depth and snatch the huddled wet burden from his collie pal. Gathering the girl to his breast, and wading shoreward, Dick cried:

"Are you badly hurt? O, *why* did you ever do such an insane thing? If——"

Then he choked on his own words. For the long black hair fell away from the bride's head, revealing a mop of short, brown curls beneath it. The black wig flopped soggily into the water. And now Dick saw that not fewer than a billion people were surrounding the pool. Most of them were in fancy dress. All

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

There's Music in the Air!

Sunset! The song bird's evening melody—the rush of crystal water in the nearby brook—the splash of a defiant trout—the soft sighing of the wind in the tree-tops — the merry crackling of the fire—the appetizing aroma of fresh coffee and crisp bacon! And above it all the delightful strains of music from a Hohner Harmonica—

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"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

of them were shouting or yelling and all were gesticulating.

Agape, he came to a standstill in mid-pool, listening to their multiple howls of invective, all of which seemed to be directed against himself. Still holding the sopping wet girl to his breast, he stared stupidly from one to another of the wrathful yellowed faces that glared down at him.

Bobby, finding his services were not in demand as a lifesaver, had swum ashore. Now, chancing to land close alongside a man in immaculate white riding clothes, the dog paused there long enough to shake himself vehemently. The man's lovely clothes were soaked by the horizontal shower bath and the man himself hopped nimbly away, diverting his invectives against Belden to more personal imprecations on the wet dog.

Guy Vanderpoel, chief director of the Unparalleled Film Corporation, had transported a half-score of his company to the Brulé Spur that morning, as a result of a week's scouting on the part of his assistant director. The assistant reported this as the ideal spot of all the universe for the shooting of the big water scenes for the Unparalleled's feature film, The Bride of Lammermoor, with Klyda Brean as its star.

VANDERPOEL had hit upon a slight variation of Scott in the projected climax to the picture, and had had his tamest scenario writer shape the story accordingly. In this new version, Lucy was to slap her hated bridegroom on schedule, but was then to flee to a highland tarn, still in her bridal array. There she was to cast herself from a cliff into the water. Trick photography would be relied upon to make it a veritable Lover's Leap.

Then, Edgar of Ravenswood, who had been roaming the mountains in bleak despair, was to spring into the depths after her, bring her to the surface after she had been under it long enough to thrill the audience, and was to bear her to his own home where it would be found that the shock of immersion had cleared her addled brain, even as the slaying of the bridegroom had cleared the way to her blissful union with Edgar.

It was a beautiful improvement on Scott's less dramatic version of the tale. The picture was to end with an iris fade-out of the fond lovers embracing amid the plaudits of the Ravenswood clansmen. There was to be a caption leading up to this—a caption which ran:

"Thus, in the flecked pathway of light and shadows which we call life, these twain had found at last the eternal sunshine of each other's love."

Naturally, Klyda Brean had refused pointblank to plunge into even a four-foot mountain tarn and to remain crouching in its chilly depths, with breath held, until the Stuart-tartaned Edgar should rescue her. That had been expected. Also it had been provided for. Ellen Gerrish had been sent by the Napoli Agency, at twenty-one dollars a day (of which Napoli was to take two dollars and ten cents) to "double" for Klyda.

THE preliminary scenes at the tarn edge were rehearsed and shot. The suicide scene was rehearsed. The company was herded to one side, behind the rocks, so that all four of the cameras could register a boundless expanse of desolate fore-and-background. Ellen tore off her veil, let down her hair, shrieked: "Edgar!" and made her dive. Then, while the cameras were still recording the ripples that closed over her head and while Edgar crouched to run forward and dive at Vanderpoel's impending signal —well, then a hairy monster had flashed into sight from nowhere at all and had yanked Ellen out from under the water. Next, an unshaven and tanned young hobo, in picturesquely ragged clothes, had hopped into the pool and grabbed the dumbfounded Ellen from the dog.

It was enough to break a director's heart; even without the dog's shaking gallons of icy water all over his white clothes. It meant a long and costly retake of the whole scene. Yes, and light was going. A mass of clouds was crawling up from the west, over the azure sky.

When Guy Vanderpoel was angriest and in his loudest fits of despair, his most inspired ideas came to him. Now, breaking through his brainstorm, blazed such an idea. It almost took his breath away. He wheeled on Dick Belden, who was wading ashore with the rescued maiden.

DICK had a hideous feeling that his own cure was a hoax and that long dwelling in silences had twisted his brain. Nothing that had just happened and was now happening, made any sense at all. In his ears, it is true, the four cameras no longer purred their teasing song. But on the pool's banks still shouted and gestured the yellow-faced people in the outlandish seventeenth century clothes. And one of them was another bride, in full nuptial array—a bride attired and made up precisely like the girl he was carrying to shore. That settled it. The thing was not happening. He was incurably crazy. Bewildered, he stood there. Then from just under his ear, came a laughter-muffled voice that said:

"It's nice to be carried. But wouldn't you be drier on shore?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ESSAYS ON
LOVE

Will appear in next Wednesday's

5¢ Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

They won't bite you. It's only a picture outfit."

Dick looked down into a dripping little face that was laughing delightedly up at him. Then he drew a breath of blissful relief. He understood. He was not insane, after all. Ten steps brought him to the bank. There, with a queer reluctance, he set the girl on her feet. It had been unexpectedly pleasant to cuddle her childlike body in the crook of his arm and under his tanned neck. Vaguely he wondered at the tiny thrill it had given him.

Squaring his shoulders, Dick turned on the others, prepared to face the music—ready to take his medicine of hard words for ruining so much film footage.

BUT there was no music to face. There was nothing or no one to face except a suddenly genial director in a spattered white suit who was beginning to orate with rattling speed and fervor to the man in the Stuart tartan and to the other bride and to a black-clad man who jotted nervous notes to the great man's words.

"It's a darb!" Guy Vanderpoel was exulting. "It's a knockout—a reg'lar old he-one! Get the angle? Edgar was accompanied on his mountain-wanderings by his faithful Scotch collie. They had collies in Scotland in those days, you know. This dog can be registered in a new set of earlier scenes—one of him with Edgar, in Ravenswood Hall, for instance, and another of him going with Edgar to one of the stolen meetings with Lucy, and so on. The faithful collie hears Lucy's death cry and bounds to the tarn, guiding his master. The dog jumps in and saves her. The cameras were working all the time, of course, so we've got that scene—his corking dive from the rock and his hauling her out from under water. We'll cut at the place where this hobo horned in, and we'll have Edgar dive into the tarn and take her from the dog and bear her ashore. O, it's a bonanza! A wow! Audiences are always dippy on animal stunt stuff. They'll eat this alive, with all the hair on!"

He beamed about him, and was greeted by dutifully responsive beams from his serfs.

"Then," he continued his pæan of rapture, "we'll shoot that finale again, where they embrace with the servitors cheering them, in the castle yard; and we'll have the noble hound—the collie—licking Edgar's feet and looking up in worship at the united lovers. We can rub some fried liver on Edgar's feet," he explained, "and while he's licking it Edgar can chirp to him without looking down. That'll make the cur glance up, and it'll give us our effect. It's a *he*-one!"

Patronizingly, he sought to lay one approving hand on Bobby's wet head. The dog did not care for strangers. Therefore, he drew away, with eloquent show of insolence, and walked across to the dripping Dick, lying down close to Belden's feet.

"Hm!" mused Vanderpoel. "One-man dog, eh? That means he'll most likely only work for his master. Say, you!" he went on, addressing Dick. "I'll give you ten dollars a day for the use of your dog in this picture—make it an even seventy-five dollars a week, whether we'll need him a whole week or not. And I'll give you five a day to come along and work him. I'll make that thirty-five dollars a week for you, even if we clean up the scenes before the end of the week. Hundred 'n' ten for the two of you for the week. How about it? Speak up, quick. We've got to get on with this before the light all goes."

Dick Belden snapped his fingers to Bobby and turned his back on the group. He made his way toward the jut of promontory where he had cast aside his rod and his coat. His line of march brought him face to face with Ellen Gerrish.

THE girl had slipped into a shapeless bathrobe whose wide folds made her look smaller and more appealing than ever. Her big eyes were still glinting with laughter. She held out both hands to Bobby. To Dick's surprise, the collie trotted forward gayly, with tulip ears flattened against his skull and with his plumed tail awag. He ran up to Ellen as to some dear friend, thrusting his cold muzzle into one of her outstretched hands and wagging his tail harder as her other hand caressed him.

Never before had Dick seen the great dog welcome the advances of a stranger. He gazed stupidly. The girl raised her eyes again to his, and once more that odd little thrill went through him. Her eyes were so big, so abrim with fun and friendliness, so like a child's.

"O, I do wish you were going to let him stay with us!" she exclaimed. "He's such a darling! And we——"

"Now, see here!" snapped Vanderpoel, coming alongside. "Here's my final offer. Take it or leave it. I'll give you and the dog——"

"I'll—I'll take it," stammered Dick, his eyes still held by Ellen's, his voice like that of a man in an incredible dream.

"Good!" approved Vanderpoel. "I knew you were bluffing."

"Dear Dad," scribbled Dick five days later. "Just got your note saying you and Mackellar will be out next week. Don't start yet. I shan't be here next week. Bobby and I are going to Hollywood for a week or two. We're actors, he and I. Especially he. I am a faithful retainer of the hieland house of Ravenswood. Bobby is the faithful collie chum of the Master of Ravenswood. Thus far he and I have done our retaining and our faithfuling out here on location. But tomorrow we start for the ancestral halls of Ravenswood, just off Hollywood Boulevard, to shoot some interiors. (See, I'm getting the phrases of the weird trade already.)

"When I see you I'll explain to you how it all happened. Meanwhile tell Mackellar it would break his Gaelic heart to see me wearing a MacLean plaid while my hereditary laird wears a Stuart one (the 'royal' Stuart, at that!) and while his aged seneschal disports himself in a Cameron tartan. I suppose the Scotch chieftains will spin in their graves like squirrels in a cage if ever their ghosts happen to see this picture.

"By the way, there's a girl here who——" Dick stopped at this point and laboriously scratched out the last five words he had penned, leaving an inky mess on the page, after which he wrote: "Life is mighty nice to live."

Rufus G. Belden did not bother to decipher the marked out words. He could risk a fairly accurate guess at their meaning. For the same mail had brought him Michael Gray's long weekly report. The report not only told to wearisome length all the details of Dick Belden's adventures in movieland, but they stressed the fact that Gray or some of his men had seen Dick take not less than five long walks with a smallish and good looking girl (meticulously described and named and pedigreed) who was a stunt extra in the company. The report ended:

> This morning, at 10:37, he met her at the foot of the Brulé Spur; and he and the collie dog walked with her continuously until 12:03 P. M. Mercer followed them with his glasses after they rounded the spur, moving southeastward; and I took them up with my own glasses as they came back into sight, on the west side of the spur. Respectfully,
>
> MICHAEL GRAY.
>
> P. S.—He kissed her. M. GRAY.
>
> P. P. S.—She permitted him to do so. M. G.

THE END

TRIALS *of a* MOVIE STAR

By W. A. D.

Wherein Rudolph Valentino Has Words with a Publicity Agent Who Is Too Efficient

DO not imagine that our great moving picture stars (male) live a life of constant ineffable bliss.

They don't. You have no idea how many irritations beset them—how many trials irk them.

There is, for example, Rudolph Valentino.

Not so long ago Mr. Valentino was engaged in making a picture that drew severely upon his talents. In consequence he was not inclined to dismiss lightly encroachments upon his time and thoughts.

His publicity agent, so the story goes, called upon Mr. Valentino about pictures for the advertising staff. Mr. Valentino was in his dressing room being ministered unto by Chris, his valet. The publicity man knocked upon the door and Chris, learning his purpose, conveyed it to Mr. Valentino.

"Tell him," said Mr. Valentino, "to see Mrs. Valentino about all matters of that sort."

The seeker of press notices departed but, before leaving the studio, sent word to Mr. Valentino to this effect:

"Tell Mr. Valentino to tell Mrs. Valentino that if he wants anything done about those pictures to see my wife."

This annoyed Mr. Valentino.

Two weeks later he was sitting outside his dressing room, with the faithful Chris seated cross legged in front of him holding up the Valentino makeup box, into which the movie star dipped as he had need.

His press agent approached and spoke.

The Valentino eyebrows raised and the possessor thereof said to Chris:

"Please get a screen and stand it around me that I may have some privacy."

Mr. Press Agent retired, but said nothing. He was incapable of speech. Indeed, it is said that four husky men had extreme difficulty in holding his hat.

So you can see, ladies and gentlemen, that the life of a movie star is not always skittles and near beer.

THE END

Fetching Modes Multiply as Summer Wanes

By PATRICIA

AS THE summer wanes, thoughts of new clothes obsess our minds. The shops are filled with lovely new things, and before you know it you've caught the want-to-have-something-new fever, too.

For the woman who wishes to look slimmer than she is, the dress shown in No. 2070 is just the thing. The pattern can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 4⅞ yards of 40 inch material are required. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 710, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

One of the very smartest and latest designs is illustrated in No. 1923, which exploits the popular use of plaits. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 718, comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra. Pattern No. 1923 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 3½ yards of 40 inch material, with ¾ yard of 24 inch contrasting, are needed.

No. 1922 can be made with long sleeves gathered into wristbands or with short sleeves finished with bands, as shown in the small sketch of this style. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 4 yards of 36 inch material are required. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 729 (in blue and yellow), costs fifteen cents extra.

The new apron, No. 1942, is made so the shoulder straps won't slip. Cut in sizes 36, 40, 44, and 48 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material are required.

Made in a plain and striped cotton material, design No. 1656 would be a splendid indoor or porch dress. In a combination of plain and printed silks it would also be attractive for afternoon wear. The pattern is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size 2 yards of 36 inch material, with 1⅜ yards of 36 inch contrasting, are needed.

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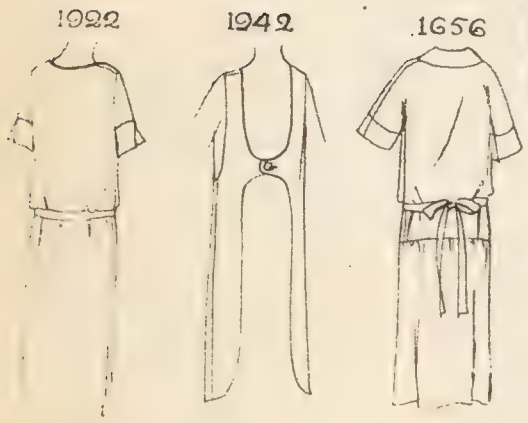
NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.



Autumn Styles Take Some Hints from Summer

This penny brown Ottoman silk model presents the revival of the leg o' mutton sleeve. It shows revers and collar lining of silver cloth and narrow bands of seal outlining the collar.

A model in burgundy brown rep showing a new tunic touch in the inverted tucks raying from the shoulder to hips. This frock is finished with lingerie collar and cuffs stitched in brown.

by Corinne Lowe

Observe that the coat wraps around to fasten under the left arm in this green kasha adaptation of a Lanvin creation. Green is one of the outstanding colors of the fall, by fashion's decree.

WE may be singing "Good-by to Summer," but we're not by any means saying farewell to summer modes. There are, in fact, three dominating fashions of the past season which have not aligned themselves with "falling leaf and fading tree." The coat dress, the ensemble costume, and the tunic—there is nothing deciduous about these. They threaten to become evergreens.

However, the coming of autumn has effected some changes in their general character.

Take, for example, the coat frock. Many of the newer ones button straight down the front. Others show an entire vest of contrasting material extending from neckline to hem. As to the rever and redingote treatments they have undergone numerous alterations.

Equally susceptible to minor experiments has been the ensemble costume. One of these is represented in the adaptation of a Lanvin model which I show in green kasha. Observe in this that both skirt and coat follow a slightly diagonal, instead of a straight, course. Observe also that the coat wraps around to fasten under the left arm. Nothing novel about this wraparound theory! It's almost as mellow as the cloche or the pyramids. What is new is that the garment winds clear about the front to the underarm. And the theory is embraced by various autumn models.

That the model under consideration should be of green is not by any means sheer accident. Green is one of the outstanding colors of the fall. So also is brown. Among the many modulations of this latter tint may be mentioned the new "penny" brown.

Ribbed silks are much esteemed by the present day designer, and in the separate coat illustrated the passion for this type of fabric is linked with the simultaneous passion for penny brown. Carried out in brown Ottoman silk, it shows revers and collar lining of silver cloth and narrow bands of seal outlining the collar. It also presents the revival of the leg o' mutton sleeve.

As I remarked at first, the tunic has yielded none of its summer prestige to autumn. The Martial et Armand model illustrated in burgundy brown rep shows a new tunic touch in the inverted tucks raying from shoulder to hips. This frock is finished with lingerie collar and cuffs stitched in brown and by matching buttons. An admirable model for the college girl.

Witness to the sustained vogue of the jabot is the black satin model touched off with blue satin and stressing a fan shaped jabot of plaited white georgette as its most arresting style point.

This black satin model is touched off with blue satin and stresses a fan shaped jabot of plaited white georgette as its most arresting style point.

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The CODE *of* DEATH

By BEN HECHT

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

Kora Thalheimer was released and warned that if she were found in Berlin after twenty-four hours her sentence would be restored and carried out.

A CHORUS of agreements arose. Despite the manner in which they as well as their resourceful leader had been outwitted, the fifteen had recovered the sense that was deep in them of Von Stenka's genius.

"He will return"—the Baron smiled grimly—"or he will send a message. General Hoffman is right; we must wait."

A ring of the telephone brought a hush into the room.

"Ah," a dozen murmurs sounded, "at last here is news. You answer, Baron. No, no! Let the General answer."

General Hoffman reached for the telephone.

"Yes," he spoke. "A message, eh? For me? Excellent. Who has brought it? Hm. Tell him to come up with it, and let a guard of four accompany him."

Replacing the telephone, the General turned to the expectant faces.

"The porter of the Bristol has a message for me," he announced.

"Given to him by a stranger, no doubt," Baron Dortmer smiled, "whom he never saw before."

"Rely on it," Vorbeck exclaimed, "the messenger is no accomplice! We would waste our time questioning him."

They became silent. Within a few minutes a knock sounded. The resplendently uniformed hotel porter entered. At the sight of the company that confronted him he blinked bewilderedly for an instant. A look of deference and panic distorted his face. Then, coming to attention, his body stiffened and, his head thrown back, he lapsed into the military utterance:

"A message for his excellency General Hoffman."

"Yes; where does it come from?"

"A gentleman at the hotel, your excellency."

"You know this man?"

"No, your excellency."

"Can you describe this man?"

"A foreigner, your excellency—tall, heavy, white-haired. He assured me that you would be waiting for the message and that I—I would be welcomed."

"Ah, so you hesitated about bringing the letter?"

"Yes, your excellency. It appeared to me as improper."

"But the money he offered made you change your mind?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"What is your name?"

"Heinrich Lohr."

"You may go."

Lohr saluted and, still the automaton, turned from the room.

As the door closed behind the porter the company stirred with a sudden excitement.

"From Von Stenka," the General murmured as he read. His eyes traveled carefully through the three pages of manuscript in his hand. No sound interrupted him. When he had finished, a pallor lay over his face. His cold eyes were gleaming.

"I will read this thing aloud," he said, his voice grown hoarse. "Let there be no interruptions until I finish."

In a dull monotone the General began to read:

"My friends, I write this from the depths of Hell. No man suffers so. I can hold no longer. I must write, plead. He leaves my fingers. To die now would be heaven. He will not kill me. I have begged him to be killed. Now, after the last torture, he has sworn to me I can earn my release by writing you and commanding you to go to President Thalheimer and secure the pardon for Kora. I have no strength left. He is a fiend. I scream. I can not stand what is to follow. Madness and death would be easy. But he forbids them. Our secrets, all of them, are known to him. Release her. My body screams with pain. He was Graudenz. Killed Graudenz, locked him in white cabinet, took his place. She must be pardoned. Forgive me, my head is gone. Now he demands I must think. You will grant my request. When she is free he will take

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN.]

away the water. Don't come with her. I have never feared death but God God be kind to me now. It is not death worse worse. Nothing reaches him. You must forgive me. I have gone through ten deaths. He watches. His eyes are two Hells. Torment is only half over . . . pardon her . . .

"EITEL VON STENKA."

"So," muttered a voice from the end of the room, "he surrenders!"

The silence grew heavy. The Baron Dortmer finally spoke.

"Before we discuss this thing," he began slowly, "let us look at the letter. The devil himself could not have wrung so blind and craven a message from our friend Von Stenka."

"But the torture!" murmured General Hoffman. "There are strange things that can be done to a man!"

"Yet, the letter sounded odd." Colonel Vorbeck glowered. "I am not convinced. Eitel cares nothing for death. I have known him many years. As for the torture, it would soon be over." He shrugged his shoulders.

The Baron had taken the letter from the General's hands. The half legible script told its own ghastly tale. The sentences danced crazily across the page, as if they had been scribbled by a man in his sleep.

"The cabinet!" cried Wilhelm, suddenly. "You recall what he says."

Two of the company rushed forward. The key was in the lock of the large white paneled door. It was turned. The huge figure of Graudenz rolled out.

The group, with the exception of the Baron, gathered around the body. One of the company, a short man with close-cropped black hair, stepped forward and leaned over.

"Dead," he said. His hands moved dexterously over the Captain's inert figure. "Ah, his neck is broken," he announced.

BARON DORTMER raised his voice exultantly. "A code, as I thought. Karl, come here—quick! There is another message in these words."

"Have you found it?"

"No. But listen. Follow the structure of the sentences. There are too many words. And"—he read a part of the message aloud—"there, you see, it grows cramped, dramatic. And notice the signature."

Half a dozen heads peered over the Baron's shoulder.

"Dortmer is right," Colonel Vorbeck cried; "it is Von Stenka's code signature. The capital S is written like a J. Try the headquarters code."

"I have," the Baron replied excitedly. "It doesn't fit."

"Wait a moment," General Hoffman interrupted. "Doctor Jansen wishes to speak."

The man who had leaned over the dead body of Graudenz came forward. For the first time that evening he raised his voice.

"Eitel and I are old friends, very old friends," he said quietly. "I heard the letter. It is not Eitel writing. He has been tortured and he is dying. That much is obvious and true. Nevertheless, Von Stenka's brain is not to be tricked into amateur outbursts such as this—unless there is a reason. Von Stenka would not cry out as in this letter to us. If you think so, you do not know him as *I* do.

"Our first question is"—the Doctor's voice had risen to a singsong as he continued—"what sort of information can Von Stenka offer us? Information leading to the capture of his host, don't you think? Very well, the letter is in code; the signature reveals as much; and it contains information concerning his present whereabouts. Now, how can such information be imparted? Let us think, gentlemen. A location means a street and address.

"Let us, then, search the letter for numerals. Here, at the end, we find three of them. 'I have gone through ten deaths,' he writes. 'His eyes are two Hells' and 'Torment is only half over.' Therefore, we have the figures 10, 2, and ½. You will notice one definite thing: There are five words between the word 'half' and the end of the letter; there are seven words between the word 'half' and the next numeral, 'two'; and there are nine words between 'two' and the numeral 'ten.' An even progression!"

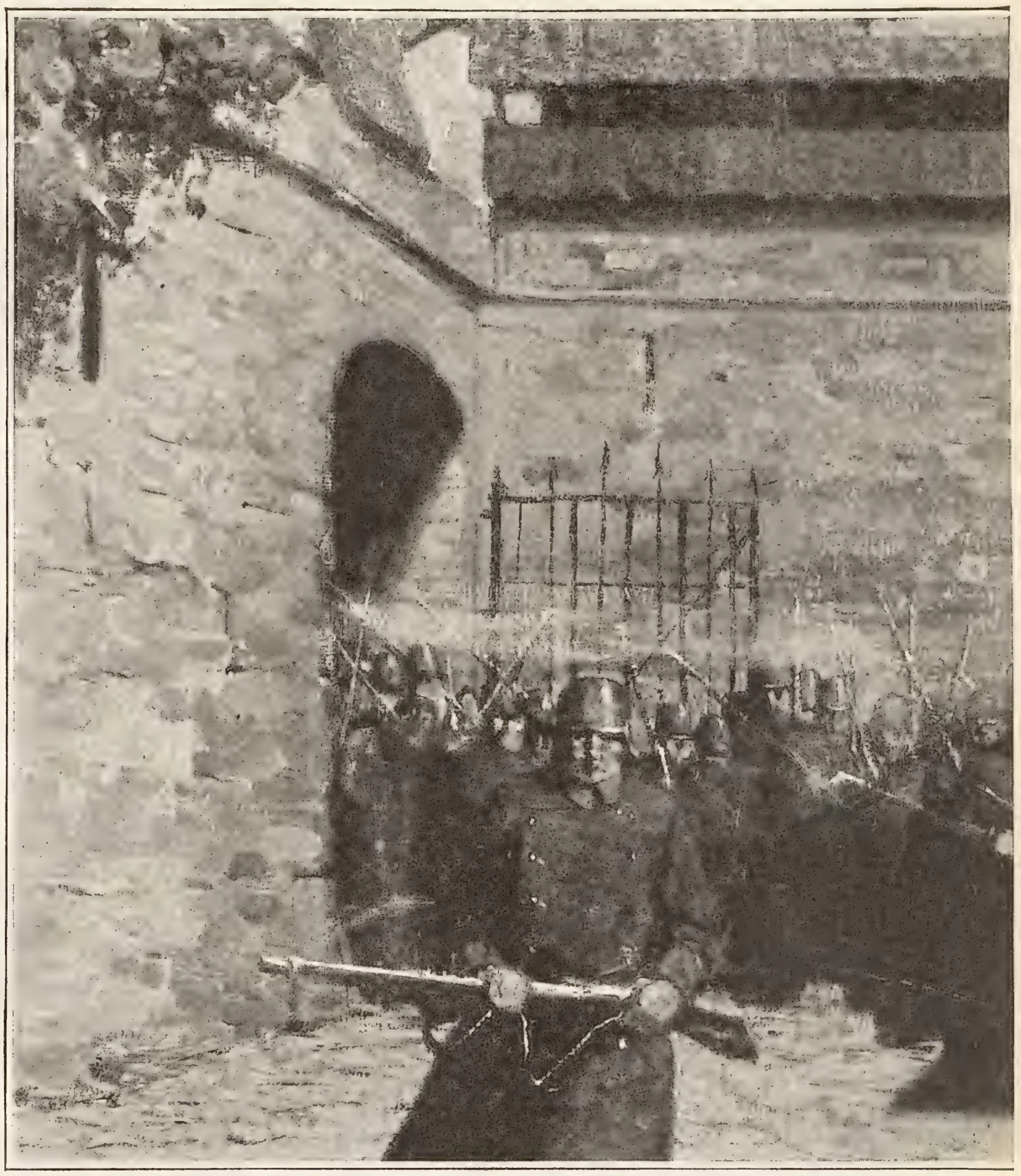
"The student code!" Baron Dortmer cried suddenly. "The twenty-one code. I know it."

Doctor Jansen looked at him.

"I know of no such code in the official documents," he said.

"No," the Baron answered excitedly; "the twenty-one code is one we used at Bonn years ago. Give me the letter! It runs from five to twenty-one and down to five again."

"Very possible," Doctor Jansen murmured, "under the terrific strain to which he has been subjected, Von Stenka might naturally revert to a code known in his youth."



The signal sounded and the large

"HERE," cried the Baron, "it works! Look! The fifth word from the beginning is 'this.' I will mark the message, underlining the words that would be the code-words in the twenty-one arrangement. The second word after 'this' would be the seventh. That makes 'this man.' Then, nine words farther would fall the next, 'This man must.'"

A few minutes elapsed while the Baron underlined the message and made the notations, thus:

My friends, I write this[5] from the depths of Hell. No man[7] suffers so. I can hold no longer; I must[9] write, plead. He leaves my fingers. To die now would be[11] heaven. He will not kill me. I have begged him to be killed.[13] Now, after the last torture, he has sworn to me I can earn my release[15] by writing you and commanding you to go to President Thalheimer and secure the pardon for Kora.[17] I have no strength left. He is a fiend. I scream. I can not stand what is to follow.[19] Madness and death would be easy. But he forbids them. Our secrets,

brick courtyard sprang into violent life.

all of them, are known to him. Release her.[21] My body screams with pain. He was Graudenz. Killed Graudenz, locked him in white cabinet, took his place. She[19] must be pardoned. Forgive me, my head is gone. Now he demands I must think. You will[17] grant my request. When she is free he will take away the water. Don't come[15] with her. I have never feared death, but God God be kind to[13] me now. It is not death worse worse. Nothing reaches him.[11] You must forgive me. I have gone through ten[9] deaths. He watches. His eyes are two[7] Hells. Torment is only half[5] over . . . pardon her . . .

EITEL VON STENKA.

"The code message reads," Baron Dortmer cried, "'This man must be killed. Release Kora. Follow her. She will come to him. Ten two half.' And the vital part of the message is, of course, the last three numerals."

"The numerals," General Hoffman added, "belong to the military zoning of the city. Von Stenka himself zoned Berlin for me during the first year of the war. Sector ten includes the part of the city east of the Schloss. Division two of sector ten, if I recall accurately, includes the neighborhood of Alexander Platz. And, of this I am certain, we used fractions to indicate the principal buildings in each division. The half in division two of sector ten indicates the Police Præsidium. Von Stenka is therefore being held prisoner in the neighborhood of the Præsidium if not in that building itself. My decision is that we follow his orders, secure the woman's pardon, follow her and put an end to this ridiculous business."

"With the knowledge, of course," Colonel Vorbeck spoke, "that this Sebastian is expecting something of the sort and that we must be cautious."

"We must be more than cautious," Baron Dortmer agreed. "Von Stenka has showed the caliber of his nature. Faced with something worse than death, his thought has been for us and our project! The man must be killed, he says. Evidently he is no ordinary rogue. Ordinary efforts will prove futile. We will secure the woman's release. We will *not* follow her. It is obvious she will search out Sebastian. In any case his seclusion must be a perfect one. Von Stenka was never able to locate it during the months he was looking for this Kora's employer. Three of us will therefore watch for Kora's exit from Moabit. We will then telephone to General Hoffman and the rest who will be waiting at the Præsidium—and we will have every entrance into the Platz under cautious guard."

AT twelve o'clock noon of the following day General Hoffman answered the telephone on the desk of his friend Von Berg, chief of police of the Berlin district.

"Dortmer is talking," came the voice over the wire.

"Your number?" queried the General.

"Seventeen," Dortmer answered. "I have to report that Kora Thalheimer has been released. The matter was officially concluded twenty minutes ago. She left the Moabit office equipped with a passport to leave the country and warned that if she were found in Berlin after twenty-four hours her sentence would be restored and carried out."

"Very good," the General spoke. Turning to Von Berg he went on, "Now comes our very important business. We have decided that Von Stenka gave us the exact location of this man Sebastian. The 'half' mentioned in his code means this building and the houses adjoining it and connected with it. Do you know by whom these houses are occupied, Von Berg?"

"There are twelve of them," the police chief replied, "and each of them is now occupied by one of my captains and his family. The housing conditions of the city have made it necessary for us to convert these houses into dwelling quarters."

The General reflected.

"We must place our faith in poor Eitel's keenness and sanity," he said at last. "He indicated the Præsidium. Obviously he meant to include these brick houses which belong to the main building. And obviously he is in one of them. We will work on that supposition. I want each of these houses carefully guarded. Remember that this Sebastian is looking for some such move on our part. He has made one error, however. He fancies that we will do nothing until Eitel is restored to us for fear of jeopardizing the Count's life. Eitel's message revealed that clearly. They have made a pact and this scoundrel thinks Von Stenka's friends and allies are chiefly interested in preserving his life. But the count himself has said, '*This man must be killed,*' which means, regardless of the Count's own life!

"Therefore, Von Berg, as soon as the woman, Kora, enters one of these houses, we attack. We rush the place and shoot or capture whoever is within. Poor Eitel will be sacrificed! But it is as he wished."

With infinite caution the necessary arrangements were made by Chief von Berg. Soldiers and police were placed in vantage points overlooking the exits and entrances of the twelve red brick houses which formed part of the grounds of the police and local government quarters.

THE afternoon passed with no results. Despite the vigilance of the picked guards no sign of Kora was reported. Stoically the General and his companions waited in the office of the Chief. As the autumn twilight came, the watchers grew restive.

It was eight o'clock when the message came. One of the most expert of the secret service men who had been assigned to patrol the outlying streets reported that he had seen Kora Thalheimer. She was alone and had changed her clothes and added a white wig, he recited.

Doctor Jansen, fifteen minutes later, watch-

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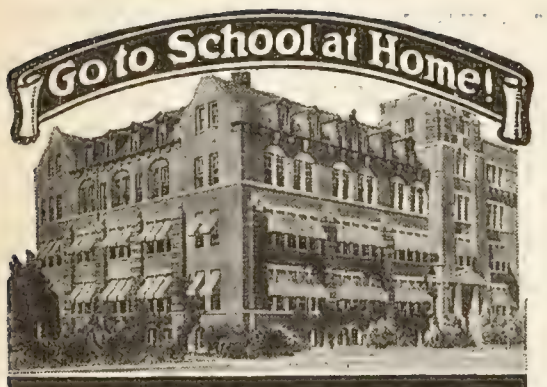

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

ing from the window, was the first to spy her. An old woman, bowed and faltering in her walk, was moving slowly through the farther gate of the building grounds. The guard at the gate turned his lamp on her as she approached with her "police permit" extended."

"Not she!" Von Berg exclaimed. "That is Madame Ling, Captain Ling's old mother. They live in the third house. It is impossible."

"Has she been away recently?" Doctor Jansen inquired.

"Yes," Von Berg frowned, "Captain Ling sent her to Bavaria for her health a few months ago."

"We have no time to waste in histories," Baron Dortmer cried. "Come, General, our orders!"

"The same," the General spoke. "We will all rush the house, leaving the soldiers outside. They have instructions to shoot whoever emerges, no matter in what guise or uniform. There may be a chance of saving poor Eitel. If not, this man must be killed."

Madame Ling had advanced into the grounds. She paused for a moment before one of the houses. As she hesitated a light went on in one of the rooms. The blinds were drawn. The old woman turned and mounted the steps. The door opened and she vanished.

For an instant silence continued. Suddenly Doctor Jansen whispered, "Look!" He pointed.

SILHOUETTED against the drawn blind were the figures of a man and woman embraced. The signal sounded and the large brick courtyard sprang into violent life. The door of the house yielded before the rush. Colonel Vorbeck was the first inside.

"It's Kora," he shouted, "in his arms. Fire!"

He had in the instant caught sight of the amorous tableau, but it was no longer the white haired old woman. The familiar red haired one of Wilhelmstrasse was standing half hidden in the arms of a gigantic figure.

His gun signaled the volley. A spatter and roar of shots sounded almost simultaneously. The figures of the lovers toppled forward and the room was filled with shouting, exultant men.

"Von Stenka, look for him!" a voice cried.

"Order! Stand back! Turn on another light. It is too dark. Search the house. Back, everyone."

Commands punctuated the hullabaloo. Colonel Vorbeck, a space cleared and the room partially emptied, advanced to the two bodies. His swarthy face leaned over them. He kneeled down and for an instant remained with his mouth open and a look of bewilderment in his eyes. Springing to his feet he shouted:

"Tricked! A *dummy!* Guard the house, quick!"

He became silent and stood pointing at the figures on the floor. Doctor Jansen at his side was inquiring frantically, "What has happened?"

"Von Stenka," muttered Colonel Vorbeck, still pointing. "Look! The thing with the red wig. It is Von Stenka. We have killed him. The other thing is a dummy."

Doctor Jansen dropped to the floor and examined the figures. General Hoffman, followed by a half dozen officers, had entered. The doctor rose and addressed them:

"We have killed Eitel von Stenka," he said slowly. "This one with the red wig. He is tied to the figure of a dummy. Sebastian was expecting us. He knew our plans, how, God only can tell. He had prepared poor Eitel, tied him to the dummy, and thrust him in the center of the room after turning on the light. It was this we saw in silhouette."

Baron Dortmer, recovering his wits, swore for a moment.

"He has flown, then. He has escaped us. He and the woman."

"It is almost useless to pursue in the dark," General Hoffman cried hoarsely. He turned and moved from the room. Doctor Jansen and the baron untied the body of Von Stenka from the dummy.

"Riddled with bullets—both of them," murmured the doctor.

As they lifted the body of the little Count, Doctor Jansen's keen eyes spied the paper that was pinned to his bosom.

"Here," he spoke, "is a message for us."

"From the man, Sebastian," Baron Dortmer exclaimed. "God, look at poor Eitel's face."

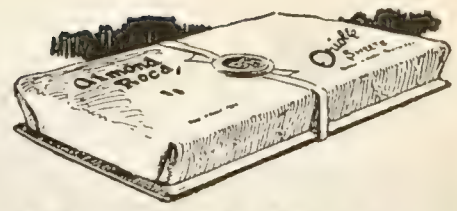
For a moment both men stared at the strangely twisted features of the little Count. Doctor Jansen lifted the wig from the dead man's head.

"His hair," gasped the Baron, "gone——"

"Pulled out," muttered Doctor Jansen. He lowered his eyes to the note and read:

> You will find this on the body of your esteemed leader, the little Count, whom I almost admire. His message to you, considering the circumstances under which it was written, was a masterpiece. But the code was too simple.
>
> Spare yourself the trouble of searching for me. I have gone from your country, for a time at least. The warning I gave was fair. Your secrets, of which I am fully informed, do not interest me. I asked only for the return of Kora, a not unjust demand. Some day you will need me, now that the little one is dead. If so, you will know how to find me.
>
> My name is still—
>
> DOCTOR SEBASTIAN.

THE END



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The ENGAGEMENT

By W. L. George

Picture by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

(Third of a Notable Series of Essays on Love)

PEOPLE are given to congratulating a young couple upon their engagement unless they belong to the embittered section represented by Punch. (The reader will recall that Punch, when requested to give advice to people proposing to marry, replied: "Don't.") And yet there is no doubt that the engagement, in spite of its new satisfactions, is the most uncomfortable period a couple goes through. Only the worst moments of marriage equal it.

It is because, when two people are engaged, they are not finally chained together, but merely leashed; not bound with a steel chain that only a judge can snap, but by a piece of pink ribbon which can be bitten through and yet at some moments tangles itself round necks and trips up the paws.

The engagement always begins well, if it is founded upon mutual love or one-sided love reciprocated by kindly toleration. It is a period of lovemaking, and at first, especially when one is not used to it, it is pleasant to repose in the arms of a fellow creature.

That early lovemaking holds something bracing, agreebly stimulating, and it is full of promise. Promise! There's the word, as Hamlet might have said. The essential delight of the engagement is the anticipation which it arouses, the vision which it creates of forty years of matrimony without a gray hair, an unpaid bill, or a cold in the head. Also it leads to poetry: Ernest Dowson wrote no good verse until he fell in love with a waitress. (He wrote still better verse when she refused to marry him, but that is another side of the love emotion.) The engagement leads to an exchange of attentions, to a pleasant sense of mutual possession, to the right to make claims upon each other. And since these claims are readily paid, each has a radiant feeling of mastery.

Every human emotion carries within its breast the seeds of its own destruction. The very fact that the engagement provides two young people with a fond stimulus, that it calls up mutual attentions, is what makes the engagement such a difficult period to survive. If the engagement is short and courtship swiftly commits suicide in the sea of matrimony, the couple remain unaware of the dangers which they have skirted. But if the engagement lasts more than a few months complications inevitably ensue.

The central trouble lies in the licensed lovemaking which takes place between the parties. Our fathers were wise, perhaps, in doing away with engagements and briefly informing the daughter of the house that she would be married on Tuesday to a young gentleman whom she would meet for the first time on Monday at dinner.

THERE was also a certain wisdom in the restraint once observed by the Irish people, who did not allow affianced couples to kiss. It was wise, because a promise of marriage is, after all, a promise of the sweetest and most profound intimacy between two human beings, and therefore these two persons who want to marry, to live together, become irritated by the difficulties which stand in their way. They are allowed to spend the day together, and yet she must be home by eleven. It is understood they may be demonstrative, and yet they must preserve the proprieties. Briefly, they are

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compelled to converse through a sort of grill, as in some Latin countries.

It is natural they should become exasperated, and since they cannot reproach each other for what is neither's fault, their ill humor vents itself in a quarrel over a hat, the time a train starts, or some such stupidity. People laugh at lovers' quarrels, but, in fact, they should note them; personally, I believe the truer lovers they are the more they quarrel.

They quarrel also on the question of attention. A loving girl knows the man she is going to marry is busy from, let us say, ten to six, and that she ought not to expect him to put off a business lunch so as to lunch with her . . . but she wishes he would. She knows business may keep him until seven instead of six . . . but she feels it ought not to.

Now, when she's married she will, by degrees, not mind whether business keeps him till seven, and she may come to wish that it kept him until midnight, but during the engagement she feels he owes her more than he will later. Also he is a delicate morsel thrown her by a kindly fate: the female spider eats the male when she tires of him; a girl does not eat her lover and is content to marry him, but she naturally wants to enjoy the repast.

THIS naturally brings us to the question of long and short engagements. Personally, I am in favor of short engagements and long marriages, and if we can't have the long marriages let us at least have the short engagements, so that the complete proceedings, if they are unfortunate, may occupy the minimum of time, and may be followed by another and perhaps more successful experiment.

Another reason is that long engagements so often exhaust the two parties through quarrels and claims on each other's time that they act as marriage preventives. Believing as I do that a bad marriage is better than none, I naturally object to any mechanism which may make marriage difficult.

I have had and have in my acquaintance cases of engagements which have lasted three, four, or five years. One is just reaching its eighth year. That such contracts should be made in lunatic asylums I fully understand, but that they should be made in the everyday world leads me to doubt the difference between the persons who are on one side of the asylum wall and the others.

I am for short engagements. Let a man and a woman be introduced in the Pullman car on Monday, and on reaching their destination go to the first clergyman or marriage officer and contract matrimony. It does not matter in the least whether they have been engaged one day or five years. It will make no difference to their eventual happiness or misery.

The reason is simple: no man marries the woman he gets engaged to. I mean that he engages himself to a little, flaxen haired girl with blue eyes, who always replies:

"How clever you are, darling."

Six months after marriage she takes away his latchkey. Or he marries the girl who has lived all her life in a village and never been to the theater. Soon after her marriage she has adopted all the ways of his social circle, dresses well, and is a perfect hostess.

What this means is twofold. In the first place, there is the adaptability of woman, her amazing power to suit herself to her surroundings. In the second place, and this affects men as well as women, a man and a woman engaged in courtship are seldom themselves, because a lover tries to produce that which will please the loved one. A man in love, who sees his beloved likes candy, will give her boxfuls of candy. After marriage he will tell her she is getting too fat.

This is not a cheap attack upon long engagements; it is merely a statement of my belief that the long engagement leads to nothing in clarification and to everything in exasperation. In fact, the long engagement is more likely to be broken than the short one, not only because more chances of trouble hide in two years than in two months, but because the essence of the long engagement is to put off the happy day, and therefore to create so much irritation as to cause one of the parties to look upon it as the evil day.

Here we strike a peculiarly interesting side of the engagement—namely: its renewal after a break. This is not uncommon in these days when people who somehow are fed, housed, and clad are foolish enough to put off marriage until they can be fed, housed, and clad more extravagantly. Many marriages follow engagements that have been broken and renewed and families are delighted with them. They generally say that "those two cannot live without each other." Otherwise why should they have renewed their engagement?

It sounds beautifully logical, and yet in fact it merely means that one of the parties only is determined to get the other back, and that the other comes back out of cowardice, or because the old past appeals to his or her sentimentality, or merely because he or she has no other affairs at the moment and takes the easiest way to satisfy what is merely an old habit.

I do not say marriage founded on renewed engagements need be miserable; one never can tell what a miserable marriage may be founded on—passionate love, equally with indifference, may make unhappiness. But I think in the main marriages based on renewed engagements are less likely to be happy than marriages which follow the ordinary course.

In a renewed engagement one cannot recapture the old glamour, the enthusiastic cry when he discovers *her* and believes that she is without compare. Also the engagement has been broken, so it may be broken again. The old security is gone, and therefore the couple tend to be suspicious; quarrels happen more easily, and if marriage is resorted to quickly, as an emotional poultice, the quarrels are likely to carry on.

THE only value I see in the engagement as opposed to immediate marriage is this: only the foolish can expect from the engagement any direct information about the person they propose to marry, but they can gain indirect information. A rather coarse wit once remarked:

"Don't worry about what she says to you, but watch her with her little brother."

A man or woman can gain some idea of the character of the beloved object by seeing him or her in the family circle, with dull aunts, old friends, superiors, and subordinates. One cannot find out what a creature will be, but one can find out what a creature is. That being done, satisfactory or otherwise, one may as well marry the creature, since a few years from that time she will be entirely different. This may be taken as pessimistic, yet is not so. I merely express my conception of life, which is that of Heraclitus:

"All things change, and myself with them."

This is the third of a series of "Essays on Love," by Mr. George. The fourth, which will appear soon, will be entitled Cupid's Waste Basket, and will tell some of the secrets of how to avoid the rocks and reefs upon which true love may be wrecked.

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

"Too Sick to Answer"

Little Beatrice was sick with the measles. Her mother, before going to the store, told her that if anybody should happen to ring the bell she should not answer.

While she was gone the telephone rang.

Little Beatrice, not knowing what to do, quickly got up and answered the phone, saying:

"Hello! Me too sick; me tan't answer."—J. Z., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

"He Was—Till I Hit Him"

Billy came home from school bearing every evidence of having had the worst of a fight.

"Why, Billy!" exclaimed his mother. "How often have I told you to play only with good little boys? Good little boys don't fight."

"Well," said Billy, through his tears, "I thought he was a good little boy till I hit him."—H. L. S., Providence, R. I.

Who Has a Heart?

Jane's class had been given some primary instruction in physiology, which included the heart and its functions.

One day her aunt was preparing cabbage for salad, and, trimming the center down to the edible part, handed it to Jane to eat, explaining that it was the "heart." A few minutes later Jane returned with her doll, and asked:

"Auntie, has dolly got a heart?"

"No, my child, why do you ask?"

"O, then just the cabbage and I have hearts?" she asked.—N. B., Sioux City, Ia.

At Last She Didn't See It!

One evening Uncle Bill and little Erma took the cow to the brook to give her a drink. On the way back they stopped to let the cow eat some grass. Uncle went to the house to get something, and left Erma alone with the cow. He stayed longer than he had expected. It was dark when Erma came home, crying.

"Where is the cow?" asked uncle.

"I don't know," sobbed Erma.

"Well, where did you see it last?"

After a moment's hesitation, Erma replied: "Why at last I didn't see it at all."—M. C. W., Palmyra, Pa.

Wouldn't That Have Been Nice!

Wally is very fond of his father. One day he asked his mother, "Whom did you get first, daddy or me?"

"O, I got daddy first," his mother answered.

Wally didn't say anything for quite awhile. Then suddenly he called out: "Gee, mom, I wish you had gotten us both at the same time, we could have growed big together and have lots and lots of fun."—Mrs. H. R., Tacoma, Wash.

* * *

A Twin Puzzle

The new people who have moved in next door have twin boys who look so much alike that one is hard put to tell them apart.

Babe, who had been playing there one afternoon, said to me when she came home, "The twins' mamma took one of them downtown, but I don't know whether the one she took was himself or the other one."—M. O'C., Boone, Ia.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 22

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"The COVERED WAGON"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough.

"The MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE" Starring WILLIAM FARNUM, a WALLACE WORSLEY Production, with Lois Wilson and Edward Horton. By William Blacke and James S. Hamilton.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"
With BEBE DANIELS and Richard Dix. From the British Prize novel of the same name by Clive Arden. An ALAN CROSLAND Production.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S **"The ALASKAN"**
Starring **THOMAS MEIGHAN**
HERBERT BRENON Production. From the famous Curwood novel of the same name.

REX BEACH'S **"A SAINTED DEVIL"**
Starring **RUDOLPH VALENTINO**
A Joseph Henabery Production. From the Rex Beach novel, "The Rope's End."

"The Female" Starring BETTY COMPSON. From the Cosmopolitan story, "Dalla, the Lion Cub," by Cynthia Stockley. A SAM WOOD Production.

"Her Love Story"
Starring **GLORIA SWANSON**
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the Cosmopolitan story and novel "Her Majesty, the Queen," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

"EMPTY HANDS" With Jack Holt, supported by Norma Shearer. From the Harper's Bazar story and the novel of the same name by Arthur Stringer, a VICTOR FLEMING Production.

"Open all Night"
With Viola Dana, Jetta Goudal, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith. By Willis Goldbeck, suggested by Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

"The Fast Set"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production
With Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Elliott Dexter, Zasu Pitts. From Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

"DANGEROUS MONEY"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the novel "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
Starring **POLA NEGRI**
An ERNEST LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina," by Lengyel and Biro.

"Feet of Clay" A CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. From the Saturday Evening Post story of the same name by Margaretta Tuttle. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Robert Edeson.

"The Story Without a Name"
With Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. An IRVIN WILLAT Production. From the Photoplay Magazine prize contest story by Arthur Stringer.

"Merton of the Movies"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring **GLENN HUNTER**, with Viola Dana. From Harry Leon Wilson's novel and the play by Kaufman and Connelly.

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"
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By Booth Tarkington.

"OLYMPE"
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Starring **POLA NEGRI**
A DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. By Emile Augier.

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Starring Richard Dix. Directed by Paul Sloane. From the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

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Starring Agnes Ayres. From the story by Charles Brackett.

"Miss Bluebeard"
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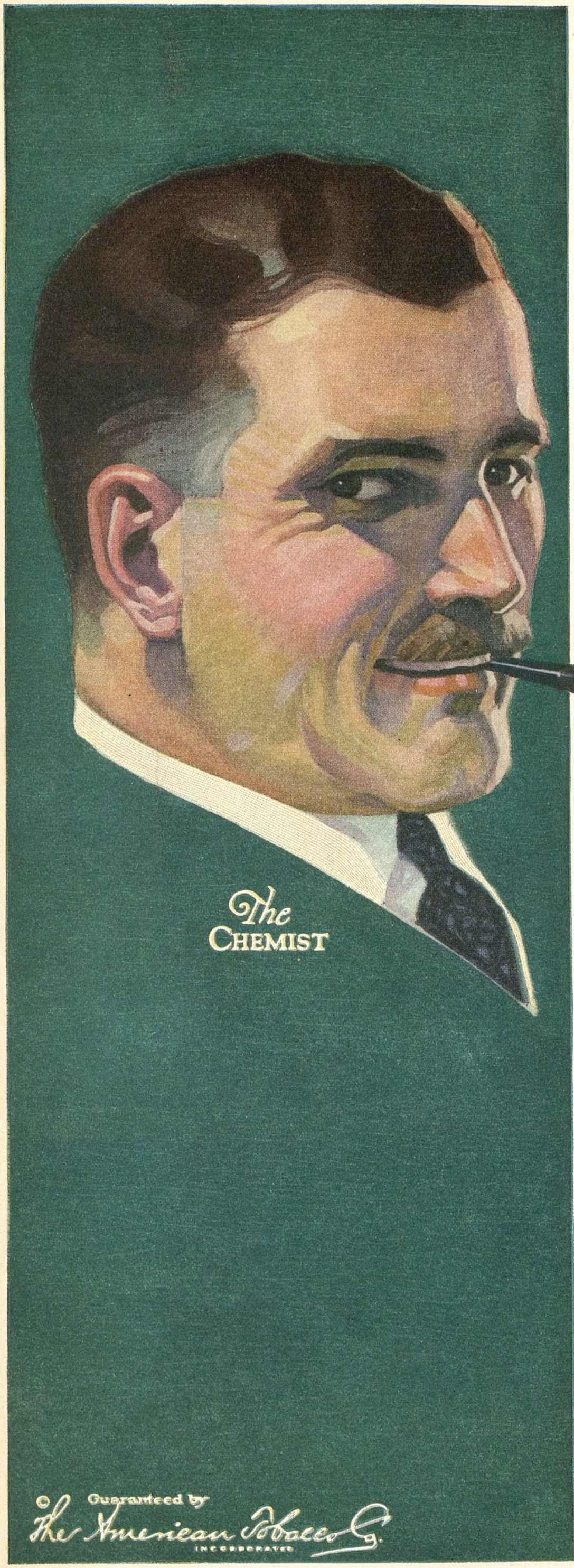

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